# Two Screenplays

by

Seth Kallen Deitch

XENOLITE

and

MISTER MEAT

Xenolite Press

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# And
# Mister Meat

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# XENOLITE

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Fade in:

INT. Lecture hall.

Caption:

Massachusetts Institute of

Technology May 7th, 1996.

Caption fades out and is replaced by another.

Caption

Continuum Prime

The design and layout of the room is like a small amphitheater. The camera pans across the seating to show the faces and clothing of the various students. Something is slightly “off” about them. Their clothing, hairstyles and spectacles are all of unfamiliar fashion, but by no means outrageous. For instance, there is a complete absence of denim jeans. Most of the men are wearing blazers of an odd cut featuring an upturned collar and with a longer drape, almost, but not quite a tailcoat. Their neckties are

knotted differently from standard with a short winged bow at the neck but also with the more standard length of fabric down the front somewhat narrower than standard for the ‘90’s. The effect is strange and perhaps slightly silly.

The hair on men is mostly collar length and brushed straight back. A lot of the men wear a large and gaudy ring on the middle finger of the right hand. It will look sort of like a school ring.

Shoes on men are rather pointed.

Some of the men wear very tiny waxed handlebar moustaches only half the breadth of the upper lip.

None of the women wear trousers. The skirt length is almost universally mid calf. Between calf and shoe top are patterned silk or nylon stockings, sometimes in bright colors. The look is conservative but relaxed.

Their blouses are loose and mostly cut high near the neck some are cut lower, but none show cleavage. Within that style there are variations that range in effect from straight-laced to downright sexy. Their shoes are slipper-like and mostly flat although some will have heels. None of the women have hair shorter than shoulder length. A couple have it worn up in a pile of curls with a few tendrils

hanging down.

The women wear very restrained jewelry. Some have pierced ears, but most do not. Those that do wear only stud type earrings. Those who don’t tend to wear ones that dangle slightly.

All are Caucasian.

The pens they take notes with are most commonly aluminum with a printed logo that reads “Stylex” encircling the shaft halfway up. As we have been examining the audience, the voice of a lecturer has been droning on in the background. It is the voice of Fred Ajers. He is a man in his early thirties with a serious, but not humorless air about him. Like the students, the cut of his clothing is somewhat strange. He is dark haired and clean-shaven with blandly handsome, but not chiseled features. He tends to gesture when he speaks.

Caption:

Fredric Martin Ajers, Ph.D.
Guest lecturer from
the Institute for Parallel
Studies.

Fred Ajers

Today is an important anniversary. It is the centennial of the "Great Inversion" of 1896.

Discussion of this event should begin with the observations of the actual event and the so called "event nodes" which are believed to be associated with it. The principal event took place on May 7th 1896. Known associated "nodes" are on February 3rd 1722, December 21st 1865, June 30th 1908, June 28th 1914, November 22nd 1963 and April 12th 1972.

As Fred speaks we see in black and white, an image of Boston common as it appeared in 1896. People in 1890's garb are going about their business. One by one they halt and turn their eyes toward the sky. As of yet, we cannot see what they are looking at.

Fred Ajers

"In Boston, the morning of May 7th 1896 was the first perfect spring day of the year. The sound of the birds singing was clearly heard even in the busy streets

where automobiles were still a rarity. Street vendors hawked their wares. The Public Garden was decorated by the presence of fine ladies promenading with their parasols and rambunctious children rolled hoops through the paths. No one really noticed that there was something not quite right about the clouds that started to gather starting around 10:00 am.

Momentarily back on Fred’s face. Close up.

Fred Ajers

At that time, banker Arthur S. Cabot took a moment to look out his office window.

Again in black and white we see the face of Arthur S. Cabot, a Bostonian Banker of the 1890’s as he looks in wonder from his window.

V.O. Cabot

Like a whirlpool of spotless

blue.

V.O. Fred Ajers

He recorded in his diary,

V.O. Cabot

Like a portion of the sky itself

had been stirred.

Ext. Boston common, now in washed out color slowly transitioning to full color. A woman is seen to stop in her tracks while others are looking skyward. There is an odd, transparent vortex in the clear blue sky. At its center appears to be an opening into an entirely different sky altogether, this one with fluffy cumulus clouds.

Close up on the face of a handsome woman in early middle age. Her eyes are focused on nothing in particular. There are a number quick cuts showing in turn, an odd rabbit like creature, a zebra, a predatory dinosaur with feathers and a number of other unusual beasts including several strange variations on the human face.

V.O. Fred Ajers

In the Common, Mrs. Winston Shaw was

"suddenly taken" by visions of "fanciful creatures". For several days thereafter she would be subject to episodes of swooning without notice.

Back to INT. Lecture hall

Pan across the students. Some look interested, some less so. Many are scribbling notes. Cut to Fred marking on a crude map of Boston Common on the chalk board. He is delineating the exact position of each observer mentioned. He extends the map to show the Charles river and Cambridge.

Fred Ajers

Across the river in Cambridge, a demonstration in magnetism in a Harvard Physics laboratory yielded very unexpected results when the powerful electromagnet started attracting water.

We see scratchy black and white silent film of a 19th century teaching laboratory. There is a bearded professor

speaking rapidly has he holds a hefty iron bar wrapped with many layers of copper wire. The bar is wired to a hand cranked dynamo that sits on a neighboring table. A title card with an ornate border flashes on the screen

Title Card

The professor proposes to
draw iron filings through
a tank of water with an
“electro-magnet.”

A student is shown cranking the dynamo. It is hard work and he can’t get it moving at first.

Close up of the professor’s face. He mouths the word “faster.” Another title card flashes on the screen.

Title Card

Faster!

Close up of the student’s face as he labors furiously. He is starting to sweat. Close up of professor’s face as he again mouths the word “faster!” Yet another title card flashes on the screen.

Title Card

Faster!

Wide shot of the entire demonstration. The professor walks over to a tank of water that has iron filings filling the bottom. He holds the electro magnet close to the surface of the water. Close up on the tank. The surface of the water suddenly bulges upward and great shimmering blobs break free and attach themselves to the magnet. A quick longshot shows the professor holding the electro magnet with a huge quivering mass of water, looking more like jello, hanging from it. Iron filings are breaking through the lower surface of the blob and sifting to the floor. He is utterly astonished as are the students watching the demonstration except for the one who is still vigorously cranking the dynamo. He looks up for a second and his eyes go wide. He stops cranking and the large blob of water once again breaks free of the magnet and splashes to the floor thoroughly soaking the professor and anyone else nearby.

V.O. Fred Ajers

Odd effects of magnetism and
gravity were experienced
throughout that side of the river.
Some small,

A number of quick cuts show men pulling out pocket watches and then tapping them in consternation. Several quick close ups of the faces of them will show them all stopped at 10:06.

V.O. Fred Ajers

some not so small.

A junk man is shown in silent footage head on as his horse-drawn wagon moves up Massachusetts Avenue. We are given a good view of the section of the street that is lined with stores and triple-decker residences. On one side of the street stands a large oak tree. A trolley track runs down the center of the street. A car comes through the scene and then the junkman directs the horse and cart over to the other side of the street. The horse seems to have difficulty walking and suddenly stops. He can’t lift one of his feet. A close up shows that it is stuck fast to the trolley track. The horse is pulling hard, but his shod hoof is solidly stuck. The junk man dismounts the wagon and goes to examine what is wrong. He strokes the horse’s nose and neck to calm him and then tries to pull its foot free without success. Close up of the struggling junk man’s face when his concentration breaks and he looks up. Long shot of junk man, horse and wagon as a mountain of scrap metal

rises like a wave from the back of the wagon. Each piece of metal is suspended in the air separate from one another, but yet acting as a group in a slowly rotating cloud of stove parts, nails, bent horse shoes, hurricane lamps, cans, barbed wire, etc. The horse starts to panic and struggles until it frees its foot and bolts with the wagon which barely misses the bowled over junk man. A close up shows that the horse’s shoe is still stuck fast to the track with its nails sticking up. The junkman looks up in horror as the small tornado of junk swirls over him. The shape really suggests a spiral galaxy rather than a funnel cloud. Suddenly all of the metal explodes outward as if every piece was repelled with great force from every other piece. A door from an old stove crashes through a dress shop window. Hundreds of pieces of detritus rain down on the street. A discarded hinge buries itself in the pavement inches from the junk man’s head. A large cut nail hammers itself half way into the great oak. Pull back to show that all is now calm. The junk man sits by the trolley track, there is junk all over the street. The store owner exits the shop to regard his broken window in anger and confusion. Another quick close up of the nail buried in the tree. A drop of glistening sap is oozing out around it.

Fred Ajers

In the Jeweler's building two blocks from the common, Solomon Pinsky, a diamond dealer, was driven to near madness when every gemstone in his shop started emitting a piercing tone.

A Hassidic man is shown stumbling from a door onto a 19th century city street gripping his ears in pain.

Fred Ajers

He claimed that after that day he could never separate English from Yiddish and for the rest of his life spoke a peculiar patois of the two.

The same man is shown in the office of an alienist who is shaking his head in puzzlement. Through a rippled glass insert in the office door, we can read the lettering “Dr. H.Danziger, Alienist” in reverse.

Fred Ajers

On the waterfront, a group of twenty

longshoremen claimed to have seen a
vision of the Blessed Virgin although,
strangely, they all said afterward
that it might only have been a packing
crate.

A crate is shown sitting on a dock looking distinctly unremarkable. It is marked “vulcanized carriage bumpers.”

Fred Ajers

A Beacon Hill houseboy, known to
history only as "Elisha", said,

A black boy of 13 or 14 in a white jacket is shown looking frightened and very confused as he looks skyward. The sky now looks like stirred blue paint. The vortex seems to spin both outward and inward at the same time.

V.O. Elisha (voice is of
an older man speaking from

memory [a la Ken Burns
documentary]. Sound quality
is that of an old 78 rpm
recording)

The sky took to spinnin' like a big ol'
pinwheel. My teeth hurt and I thought
it was the hour of the Lord!

In rapid cuts dogs of all breeds and in all types of homes are shown barking, madly agitated. There is no sound on film of the barking.

V.O. Fred Ajers

Every dog in town started barking and
would not be silenced.

A maid is shown staring into her mop bucket, her work Forgotten. Close up of the bucket: Within it the mop-water is spinning, seemingly in two directions at once. Like the houseboy, she looks as much frightened as anything.

V.O. Fred Ajers

Mary Margaret O'Leary, a housemaid,
noticed the water in her mop bucket
swirling as if it were draining away,

but not diminishing in volume in any way.

Close up on Fred’s face as he pauses for a breath.

V.O. Fred Ajers

Master Howard Lambert, ten years old, discovered a sudden and exclusive, fluency in the Armenian language only to forget it all within a week. He had had no previous education in that tongue.

In sepia toned film, a somewhat petulant looking ten year old is shown in the office of the same alienist seen earlier with the diamond dealer. Seated nearby is a man who appears to be a recent immigrant. The alienist is questioning the boy as if for the hundredth time. His voice is poorly reproduced and full of snaps and pops as if heard on short wave radio.

Alienist

Howard, can you not understand a single word I say?

The Boy

(speaks in Armenian)

Alienist (looking over at the immigrant)

Mister Barsamian?

Immigrant (heavy accent)

He say, “I bored. I am want go play.”

In black and white silent footage, a farmer is shown poking an open bible with his finger and exclaiming as a reporter indulgently takes notes. In the background stand several perfectly normal looking cows.

V.O. Fred Ajers

A farmer in Braintree claimed later
that his cows had quoted scripture
at that hour.

Two men, one with a minister’s collar are playing chess in the common. The minister seems to atomize before the eyes of the other man who at first appears to be greatly alarmed, but then, strangely,  begins to get calmer very

quickly.

V.O. Fred Ajers

A Methodist clergyman apparently vaporized while conversing with a friend who in a short time had seemingly forgotten that the other man had ever existed in spite of some twenty-five years acquaintance. According to police records, he became more and more indecisive about the man's name as their interview proceeded.

The other man is shown being interviewed by the cops looking like he has no idea why it is happening. He is having obvious difficulty paying attention to what they are saying.

Cut to INT. Lecture hall

As Fred continues to speak, he places a leatherette covered box with a suitcase handle on it upon a table. He undoes several snap clasps and removes a side of the box to reveal a complex, but cryptic piece of equipment.

Fred Ajers

As unexpectedly as it had begun, the peculiar effects ended.

A few quick shots taking no more than seven or eight seconds altogether. Close up of the bland face of a cow. Long shot of swirling sky over the common. Close up of the terrified face of the junkman. A barking dog. Close up of the face of Elisha the house-boy. Close up of the face of the dynamo cranking student. Full figure of the soaked and confused professor still holding the electro magnet. Tight shot of the junk tornado. Another barking dog. Close up of the grumpy face of young Howard Lambert. Close up of the nail stuck in the tree. Another, closer shot of the nail. A drop of sap gathers on the head and breaks free dropping out of frame.

Cut back to Fred in the lecture hall.

Fred Ajers

Over the next few hours an increasing number of people forgot that anything out of the ordinary had taken place. At the end of one month only five percent of people interviewed could remember the extraordinary events of

that morning. In spite of the fact that this event was world wide, we depend on a very sparse sampling of observations for information concerning it.

He Removes the device from the box and starts clipping and screwing various attachments onto it and attaching various wires to various terminals.

Fred Ajers

Boston is one of only four places from which we have more than individual reports.

It wasn't until twenty years had passed that science had even started to develop the means to evaluate the events of that day. Alexander Rodman Mollot, working at the Dilmount Institute in Mulweeno had, through relentless research, discovered the effects of parallel fields. He had been a student at Harvard at the time of the mystery event and had taken

detailed notes as it had transpired.
Strangely, he had no memory of making
the observations.

Fred pulls another, smaller unit from the box that has several switches and dials on its bakelite case. He plugs a wire from the other device into it and then plugs the smaller unit into the wall. We briefly see that the design of the electric plug is unfamiliar, but of obvious function. He flips a switch on the smaller box and suddenly portions of the larger device come to life adjusting their position in relation to one another.

Fred Ajers

The notes led him into a line
of study, that culminated
in the creation of a device, which
duplicated on a smaller scale the
effects of that morning in 1896.
The so-called "Parallel Resonant Field
Translator", we generally call it
a “resonator”, was able to create a small
region of indeterminate time and

gravity. Objects placed near the
functioning machine could vanish or
change in form.

He now directs the attention of the students toward the machine.

Fred Ajers

This particular device was built
by an engineer at the institute
for the purpose of demonstrations.
It is simple and low powered but
can adequately show the principals
of operation. It utilizes parallel
fields to regularize the resonance
between xenocontinuua.
I will demonstrate exactly what
this means.

He flips a switch and a very slight motion in the device raises a polished metal plate into proximity of a small protrusion. A glow comes from the tiny space in-between.

Fred Ajers

Certain persons claimed to have
experienced psychic episodes using the

apparatus.

Eventually, Mollot would discover and report that all of these effects were due to the device's ability to open a connection between the intrinsic fabric of our universe and that of others like it. That a man of science would make such a claim was denounced as everything from merely irresponsible to outright blasphemy, but further demonstrations before educated audiences convinced academics and ultimately, the masses.

Demonstrations like this one.

He spots a pretty young woman in the front row and motions to her.

Fred Ajers

Miss, do you have some small object… one that you don’t care if you ever see again?

The girl looks perplexed but smiles and pulls an object from her purse and brings it up to Fred. We see that it is a plastic clip with a brightly colored bow attached to it.

Some sort of hair clip.

Fred Ajers

Observe carefully. This is not a magic trick.

He places the bow on a little platform that is attached to a moveable arm of the machine. He turns a knob on the smaller box and the metal plate changes angle slightly. Something very peculiar happens. Not the object itself, but somehow the space around the object seems to rotate. The bow at first glance looks more or less the same. It is the same color, but now it is sort of shapeless. Fred picks it up.

Girl

You squished it!

Fred turns the bow in his hand and now we can see that it actually has changed quite a bit. He inserts his finger and stretches the object into a ring. It is still a hair holder, the audience will recognize it as a “scrunchie” type ponytail holder the same color as the original hair clip.

Fred Ajers

No. I traded it for a similar object
in another xenocontinuum.

He hands it to the girl who plays with it for a few second and finally twists it into her hair. It looks absurd in the context of the rest of her clothing and members of the class laugh.

Fred Ajers

We call such objects, xenolites.
The first of these objects was
recovered by Alexander Rodman
Mollot in 1906.
In researching the Great Inversion,
Mollot discovered how to reproduce
the effects of that day and thus
discover the cause. Our universe
had briefly intersected another
similar, but not identical
continuum of space and time.
As I said, we call them
xenocontinuua and under normal
circumstances we would never know
of their existence, let alone
have any access to them.

> Interviews he had with persons
> from areas strongly
> effected by the event found that a
> significant sampling of them recalled
> different historical events from
> their neighbors. The habit of these
> people had been to keep their own
> council regarding their memories lest
> they be thought insane. Mollot had
> started to identify particular worlds
> outside of our own and was able to
> determine exactly what other world ours
> had contacted.  It was xenocontinuum
> X7-C, which touched our world that day.
> The persons who remember the history of
> that world, whose history diverged form
> ours about 200 years ago, rather than
> our own were  able to help Mollot create
> the first reconstructed picture of another
> universe.

Most of the students look impressed and slightly baffled although a few are bored. Just another physics lab demonstration and history of science lecture.

Cut to INT. Fred’s office at the Institute for Parallel Studies. Fred is working at a desk. He is dressed differently than he was in the previous scene As he is going through a pile of papers, marking here and signing there, he is also having a donut and coffee.

Caption

Institute for Parallel Studies,

Public Relations Office

Wednesday May 17th 2000.

The phone rings although it isn’t instantly obvious to us that is what happened until Fred picks up the phone. The sound is far more like a door chime than a telephone ring. When he picks up the receiver, we see that it differs in design from those we are used to, but not so much that we can’t tell what it is.

Fred Ajers

Ahoy.

Voice on phone (Bob Zalinsky)

Good Morning, Fred.

Fred Ajers

Bob! What can I do for you this morning?

Bob

You Should come down here. We have something…extraordinary.

At that moment, Fred’s donut breaks in half mid dunk and plops into his cup splashing his shirt and tie.

Fred Ajers

Damnation!

Bob

As a scientist, I presumed that you would have a more positive view of the unique!

Fred is holding the phone to his ear awkwardly with his shoulder as he blots his shirt with a napkin.

Fred Ajers

What? No! I had a little accident here.

Bob (amused)

Coffee and donuts, right? Well, no one would recognize you without stains on your shirt anyway.

Fred Ajers

Ha-ha. Most amusing. You really should go on stage.
Give me a few minutes and I'll be right down.

Fred stands up and continues blotting at his shirt until he realizes that it's hopeless. We see a map of North America on the wall with pins in it in various places. It's too far in the background to read, but it can be clearly be seen that the national borders are somewhat different from those the audience is familiar with. There seems to be an extra state in the southern USA, but California is divided from the US by a thick line. Obviously a separate country.

INT. Corridor.

Fred exits the office. He is now in the hallway of what is seen to be a more or less modern office building. The architectural style is not exactly normal. None of the turns have sharp 90 degree corners, but are slightly

rounded. Likewise where floor meets wall and wall meets ceiling. There are two parallel slots running down the corridor. We soon see that they are tracks for automated inter-office mail carts as one of them rounds the corner. The corridor is lit by incandescent lamps set in sconces on the walls. Fred approaches a janitor as he nears the elevator. Although he has a mop and bucket, he is not mopping, but rather he is repeatedly tossing a ball of duct tape and swinging at it with the mop handle. Fred greets him.

Fred Ajers

Ahoy, Donald! How’s your average?

The janitor nods and smiles, but otherwise pays him scant attention and keeps tossing and swinging. One swing comes very close to Fred as he ducks into the elevator.

INT: Lab.

Cut to Fred entering Bob Zalinsky’s laboratory. The room is large and clean and lit from both fluorescent lights and light coming in from high slot-like windows clearly indicating that the lab is in a basement. There are two

large lab tables with various pieces of equipment on them and a couple of more standard tables and chairs as well as a desk squeezed into a corner. Against one wall is a large and complex machine. The viewer might notice that it is a larger and more complex version of the device from the student demonstration. There is an array of large bronze cylinders that are suspended in shock absorbing rigs. We can see that the sides of two of them have ruptured. Bob and his assistant, Jeff Winbury are working to remove the damaged parts. When he sees him come in, Bob stops to greet Fred.

Bob

Ahoy, Fred!

He walks over to a table. On it is standing a nondescript object, more or less the size of a softball. It is of a neutral putty gray and appears to be vibrating. The edges are indistinct. Blurry.

Bob

We acquired it around eleven last night.

Close up on the object. It looks like a bad hologram. The object is out of focus but the table top is sharp and

clear. It looks like an uneven eight sided prism, but when Bob picks it up, its shape alters. Faces appear and disappear as the object is turned. It has hyper-dimensional aspects. He hands the object to Fred who seems to have difficulty holding it still.

Fred Ajers

It’s like holding a Gyroscope.

Fred’s eyes are goggling at the object.

Bob

There are chemical patterns on the surface that appear to be a design of some sort, but they don’t show as a different color. It could be that they are intended to reflect a wavelength of light that isn’t in the normal spectrum.

Fred Ajers

Speaking of the surface, where is it?

Bob

You noticed that, the indeterminacy of location. That’s why it looks like it’s vibrating.

Fred Ajers

Is this thing is four dimensional? I’m going to get a headache just from looking at it.

Bob

Try closing one eye. It has multiple parallax points. Oh, wait… try these.

He hands Fred a pair of shop goggles with one lens that has been painted black. Fred puts them on.

Fred Ajers

Oh. Yes. That <u>is</u> better.

Bob

We think it has <u>seven</u> spatial dimensions. Of course, we can only see the part of it that protrudes into three-space. That’s what accounts for its

odd appearance.

Fred Ajers

Well, it certainly does have an
odd appearance!
Where did you get this thing?
I assume it’s a xenolite.

Bob

You assume correctly. We have
been doing fine tuning tests
for the new high load resonator and
we set up some new Mollot cells…
a battery of five with a rating
of twelve kilohartleys each with
an SGQ of sixty-one degrees Kilmer.
It ran so well on the first test
that we decided to attempt a deep
probe.

Fred Ajers

A deep probe! Bob, you know design
and development isn’t supposed to
be running probes above the X-9
level.

Bob rolls his eyes.

Bob

What kind of test would below X-9 be for this system?

Fred shrugs his shoulders.

Fred Ajers

It’s not me, Bob. The committee is going to be asking some questions. I know that you are competent with this stuff, but you know how jealous the senior engineers can be.

Bob holds up his hand.

Bob

Do you want to hear the story or not?

Fred nods his head.

Bob

We fed the primary phase plate stack some power  and eased out the OEC through the cells to pull a focus as

distant as the machine would allow.

Bob looks a little chagrinned.

Bob

A bleeder pin melted and before we could shut down those two cells blew. BLOOP! There it was on the transfer stage just as you see it now.

Fred Ajers

Bloop?

Bob

Bloop.

Fred scratches his head.

Fred Ajers

So where is it from? Do you have an X-con number?

Bob nods toward Jeff Winbury who is still struggling to free a damaged Mollot cell from the frame of the device.

Bob

Jeff tried to calculate it from
the power readings at the time
the cells blew. He got X-162 to
the power of eight with a rotation
out of the datum plane of 14 degrees
axis-C elevation scale Sigma-5.
It’s several orders of magnitude
more distant than the previously
most distant known xenolite recovery.
We have designated it xenolite number
X-009603-1

Fred whistles softly in wonder.

Fred Ajers

This is going to be a tough one to
Explain.

Bob

You’re not kidding. I’m glad that
you’re public relations and not me.

Fred throws Bob a mock peevish glance. Cut to Fred’s office. He is speaking into some sort of dictating machine. He is struggling for words to express what he’s trying to say.

Fred Ajers

The object is uncanny by any standard we would care to set and who knows what other bizarre properties might be discovered upon further inspection. The behavior of the thing is contra-intuitive on every level. If we could just…

The phone chimes interrupting him. He shuts off the machine and answers the phone.

Fred Ajers

Ahoy?

The voice from the other end is crisp and to the point. It is Frank Johnston.

Frank Johnston

Is this Doctor Ajers? My name is Frank Johnston, I'm a reporter for the Boston Sun-Herald. Do you have time to answer a few questions?

He mis-pronounces Fred’s name. Fred rolls his eyes. Clearly this happens all the time.

Fred Ajers

Ajers.

Frank Johnston

I beg your pardon?

Fred Ajers

My name. It’s pronounced “Ajers”. It rhymes with “prayers”, not “Badgers”.

Frank Johnston

I’m so sorry, Doctor Ajers!

This time he pronounces the name with great care, drawing it out a little. He quickly changes the subject.

Frank Johnston

I have heard something extraordinary has happened in one of your labs. Is there any foundation for that rumor?

Fred’s eyes get big. He quickly composes himself.

Fred Ajers

You will have to be more specific, Mister Johnston. At the Institute, extraordinary things happen all the time.

Frank Johnston (slightly impatient)

Doctor Ajers, there are postings on several physics newsboards.

Fred’s eyes again grow large.

Fred Ajers

Really? Can you hold for a moment?

Fred stabs a button on the phone with his finger as Johnston replies.

Frank Johnston

Certainly, but if you could simply confir…

Fred flips a switch on another device on his desk that has a flat panel screen that works with some unknown technology. Instantly a menu comes up.

Close up of screen. The display is in clear black and

white. There are four delineated boxes near the top of the screen with a blinking prompt below them. They say Com, caLc, News, File. Fred types “N” at the prompt. Another menu comes up. The boxes say eVents, Boards, Finance, Special. He types “B” at the prompt. Another menu comes up. Sci, soC, Hum, sUb, Mark, Pol, peRs. He types “S”. The next menu says pHis, Phil, Chem, Bio, mathA, Mathb. He types “H”. Next menu is Mech, Grav, paRt, Para, meT, Hydro, Acous, hYp. He Types “P” and a lengthy list of headings comes up. This has all happened in about six seconds.

Fred Ajers(muttering)

How in the hell did a reporter get access to the internet?

He opens a file headed “IPS discovers multi dimensional object” Close up on byline R.C. Zalinsky PhD.

Fred Ajers

Damn you, Bob.

Fred takes the phone off hold.

Fred Ajers

Mister Johnston, at the moment

I am inclined to suspect that those postings are some sort of prank. Of course, news of any interesting discoveries will be included in the weekly press release.

Frank Johnston

Doctor Ajers, surely you must be able to at least confirm or deny.

Fred Ajers

I would if I could, Mister Johnston. I promise you, I <u>will</u> look into it and news, if any, will be included in the press release. If I don't see anything about it in the afternoon edition, I'll make it my business to see that you get first shot. That's my solemn promise.

Frank Johnston

Very well, Doctor Ajers, I will be in touch. Good day.

Fred puts the phone back in the cradle.

Fred Ajers

Damnation.

He immediately picks the phone back up and dials. The phone doesn’t actually dial, but instead has a bank of individual sliders which can be positioned at an individual digit and then a green button is pressed to connect the line. He waits until the phone is answered.

Fred Ajers

Bob, everything you post to an internet Board must be cleared by this office in the future.

Bob

Fred, is that you?

Fred Ajers

Yes it’s me. Did you hear what I just said?

Cut to Bob in the lab. In the background, Jeff Winbury is wheeling a cart containing two new Mollot cells.

Bob

Sure, I heard you, what happened?

Fred Ajers

Some pretty damned accurate speculation about that xenolite you pulled in is all over the internet. I just got off the phone with a newspaper man who had seen them.

Bob

Uh-oh!

Fred Ajers

I couldn’t have phrased it better.

Cut back to Fred’s office. He is tapping a pencil on his desk nervously.

Bob

How did a reporter get access to the internet in the first place? Is that even legal?

Fred Ajers

I have no idea. I’ll be in contact with the lawyers later. The main

point is that we deal in information, get it? We are a private research organization and our research is our product. It is how we support ourselves and, incidentally, pay your salary, at least for now.

Bob

Are you threatening me?

Fred Ajers

Calm down. Unplanned publicity is threatening us. I don't even care if you continue probing on your own, but I need to know about anything significant before it appears on a message board. I'll just leave it at that for now, but please be more careful in the future, O.K.?

Fred hangs up the phone and continues to tap the pencil on the desk. Close up of the pencil shows that it looks like a standard yellow No.2. In the moments when it is still, we can see that it has the words "Dixon-St.Edmundsburgh"

embossed in black on the side.

Dissolve to a scene in a laboratory. Archaic equipment. The scene is in scratched black and white and silent with a 1906 xylophone vaudeville novelty record (or reasonable simulation thereof) playing in the background. A man in a white lab coat is bustling around the room with tools and various components for a small device sitting on a lab bench. The device is cobbled together with various components all attached to a board or suspended by clamps. It is a prototype.

Caption

Alexander Rodman Mollot, 1906

The man closes a knife switch and the air around parts of the device starts to ripple. He obviously had no expectation of this and takes a step back. He just stares for a beat and then leans forward for a closer look. At first he reaches out with a finger to almost touch the disturbance but, thinking better of it, stops short. He withdraws a wooden pencil from his pocket.

Close up of his hand holding the pencil. The rest of the scene is still in black and white, but the pencil is in full color. Embossed on the pencil are the words “Dixon-St.Edmundsburgh”.

He prods the disturbance with the eraser end of the pencil. The disturbance shows some slight resistance and then the writing implement starts to vibrate. The man doesn’t expect this and lets it drop. For the tiniest instant we see the pencil writhe like a worm in the field before it clatters to the desk surface, apparently none the worse for the experience.

Cut to a scene somewhat later. The man sits in a tavern with a mug of beer in front of him as he scribbles in a small note book. We are given a view over his shoulder showing that he is diagramming some details of the device he was previously working with. His writing is barely legible, perhaps we can make out a few cryptic phrases like, “phase plate distance requires incremental…” or “heavier loads need damping signal to bleeder pin” and “Boron powder requires tamping.”

A shot of his face reveals a sudden expression of confusion. He stops writing and is bringing the pencil closer to his face.

Close up on pencil. Embossed lettering now reads “Dixon-Ticonderoga”.

A closer shot of Mollot’s face his eyes are large with

wonder. It is his “eureka” moment. Slowly he smiles. Close up of the notebook page as he scribbles frantically. He covers the pages with phrases like “resonant time-space phase alteration” , “adjust over-bled cells for vibratory damping”, “Phase shift indicates multiple continua”, “objective analog retroflection!” As he is writing this we see a montage of superimposed images. He is served another beer and then a cup of coffee and served coffee several times again. There is a clock in the shot spinning off about five hours as the page being written on occupies the center of the shot.

Finally he writes, “Xenolite: an analog object from another space-time, a xenocontinuum?”

Close up on Mollot’s face with a look of tired bemusement.

Mollot’s face dissolves into the face of Fred Ajers back in the (more or less) here and now. He is in the lobby of the Institute building looking at the Ticonderoga pencil in a glass case . It is on a small pedestal with a card that identifies it thusly.

Card

Xenolite X-00001, the “Ticonderoga Pencil”, obtained by Alexander Rodman Mollot on February 3rd,

1906.

Fred is lost in thought, mulling over the publicity concerning Bob’s xenolite. There are a few quick shots of hypothetical newspaper headlines like “DEADLY THREAT FROM THE TWELFTH DIMENSION!” and “WHAT IS THE INSTITUTE HIDING?” He snaps out of it and walks over to the security desk where he signs out. The guard recognizes him. The guard’s uniform is notably different from what the audience will be used to. The most important difference is the headgear that is inspired by that of a British policeman, a dome shaped helmet with short brims front and back. The dome will be not so high in the crown as the typical “bobby” model, though.

Guard

Lunchtime, doctor Ajers?

Fred Ajers

Yeah, Jim. A little early today.

Guard

Great sandwiches up that place in  Central Square.

Fred pauses, tasting a sandwich in his mind.

Fred Ajers

Not a bad idea, Jim. I haven't eaten there in a long time. That's the place they brew their own cider, right?

Guard

That's the one. Michael's.

Long shot that shows a whole section of Massachusetts Avenue that includes the buildings that make up the Institute for Parallel Studies. It is the same section of street shown in the Junk man sequence. The trolley tracks are gone and most, but not all of the buildings are different. Right next to one of the buildings is an old and huge oak it is the same tree shown in the afore mentioned sequence older and larger. Its roots have undermined and crumpled a fair sized section of the red brick sidewalk. Fred is walking through the street. The costume of the various folks going about their business is quite foreign as is the design of almost everything else. Most of the people on the street are Caucasian with only an occasional black or Asian person in evidence. The wheels on

the cars are close to twice the diameter of those on familiar autos and the vehicles ride much higher off the pavement.

The traffic lights have rectangular windows that actually display the words “stop” in red and “go” green. Public phones are more like small outdoor café tables with an umbrella over them where a person can sit and talk on a phone that is built into the table. A bus passes by of a design extrapolated from that of the cars. In general, it is a typical business day street scene in an alternate universe. We are again reminding the audience that this is not our world. Fred pauses at a news-stand filled with magazines, newspapers, Paperback books and what might be recorded music. As well it carries cigarettes and cigars. He picks up a Boston Sun-Herald. The banner headline reads “Lost Airship found with all aboard alive”. Smaller headlines read “Warmia independence vote today”, “Bromfkidoran survivalist riots in Patagonia continue”, “Foley throws his hat in,” “Hogarth to be American party nominee”. Various magazines are on the racks, none with familiar titles save for National Geographic, popular Mechanics, Scientific American and the Saturday Evening Post. Few of them have text that refers to anything the audience is familiar with. There will be photos of movie

stars and performers, but all are the faces of strangers. The cover of Popular Mechanics makes reference to a second attempt at a manned mission to the planet Mars. On the cover of National Geographic is a photo of an avuncular looking  elderly man with green eyes, a rather beaky nose and slate-gray skin with a very unusual hat. A banner reads, “Following the Bromfkidoran Diaspora.” None of this is shown for a great deal of time, most viewers will miss the bulk of it. A device sitting next to the news vendor is blaring music of an unfamiliar style, rather like bluegrass, only with horns and a jazz-like undertone, with a female singer.

We follow Fred up the street where we see markets, banks and a number of businesses including some in which the precise nature of the business is not immediately apparent, such as  "Mulligan's Viewing Room" and "Cambridgeside Adjustments".

Fred walks on until he arrives at Michael’s Lunch Spot. The place seems comfortable with Wood veneer tables and pleasant lighting. A waiter approaches the table. He is dressed in  peculiar fashion having a tight body stocking-like parody of a tuxedo that has many of its features obviously printed on. It has a real bow tie with only a

very short piece of fabric draping down from it.

Waiter

Good day, sir. What can I bring you?

Fred Ajers

Ahoy! I'll have a roast beef and a dark cider.

Waiter

Alright sir. Would you like the cider now or with the meal?

Fred Ajers

With the meal, thank you.

Fred opens the paper. A number of headlines are shown, but none have to do with the xenolite.

Fred Ajers (under his breath)

I guess I'll have to call Mister Johnston.

EXT-DAY: Cut to Frank Johnston sauntering up the street toward The Institute. He pauses briefly and leans against the great oak to light a cigarette. The cigarette is light

brown its entire length and slightly shorter than we are used to seeing. He takes a few puffs and then starts to set off. There is a slight tearing sound. He looks over to see that his sleeve caught on an old square cut nail protruding from the tree. It is deeply rusted like it has been there for a century. It is, in fact the same nail show to have been driven into that tree in the junk man sequence.

Johnston

Damn.

He shrugs and continues toward the main building puffing on his cigarette.

Cut to Fred's office. Fred is dressed differently. It is another day. He is reading over some paperwork when a sound is heard. Pan around to reveal a man knocking on the frame of Fred’s open office door. The man is in his early forties, tall and clean shaven. He wears a pair of wire frame glasses with small round lenses. He is Frank Johnston.

Johnston

Doctor Ajers? Do I have the right office?

Fred Ajers

You do indeed.

Johnston steps forward extending his hand.

Johnston

I’m Frank Johnston. Thank you so much for inviting me here.

Fred rises and the two clasp hands over his desk. Fred indicates a chair.

Fred Ajers

Well, it’s my job Mister Johnston. I didn’t want the Institute to appear to be hiding anything. There will be a press conference this afternoon, but I thought I would give you a first and more intimate look at our latest find.

Johnston

The “Bloop?”

Fred Ajers

Pardon? I referring to xenolite

X-009603-1.

Johnston

Yes, yes. On the internet, they are calling it the Bloop. Catchy name, don’t you think?

Fred is somewhat put off by the name.

Fred Ajers

I wouldn’t know. The Institute for Parallel Studies doesn’t usually devote much time to devising “catchy” names for the products of its research.

Fred walks toward the door.

Fred Ajers

Perhaps you ought to see it.

Johnston remains seated. Fred turns back toward the room at the still seated Johnston.

Fred Ajers

Are you coming?

Johnston, taken by surprise, jumps up from his chair.

Johnston

Yes! Of course!

The two exit. Cut to Zalinsky’s lab where Johnston is turning the “bloop” over in his hands, his eyes bugging out in disbelief while Fred looks on. As he handles it the surface continuously alters in unlikely ways.

Johnston (in awe)

Extraordinary!

He continues to play with the object for several seconds.

Johnston (softly)

Bloop! (he actually giggles a bit)

Fred takes it from him and places it back on the table.

Johnston

So it must be a false xenolite, right?

Fred Ajers

No. False xenolites are a unique phenomenon, but this isn’t one of those. It’s a normal xenolite, just from a xenocontinuum many times more distant than one has ever been recovered from before. One where space arranged itself differently.

Johnston

May I take photos?

Fred Ajers

Please be my guest.

Cut to Fred walking to work the next morning. He stops at a news stand to pick up a Sun-Herald. The paper has a huge headline. GOVERNOR FOLEY SHOT BY CRAZED GUNMAN. And then in smaller type below. PRESIDENTIAL FRONT RUNNER IN STABLE CONDITION. Fred flips through a few pages of the paper. He finds the “Bloop” story buried on page six. The newsdealer taps him on the shoulder.

News dealer

You going to pay for that?

Fred Ajers

OH! Of course.

He hands him some change.

News Dealer

Awful thing, that. What has politics come to? I wasn’t going to vote for him, but still, he is a human being.

Fred again regards the buried xenolite piece and smiles slightly.

Could be worse, though.

Cut to Fred's office. He is flipping through a series of plastic sheets in a small folder. The sheets are about six by nine inches in size. He selects one and as he pulls it out of the folder, we can see that it is labeled in marker "Jethro Tull." He takes the sheet and rolls it onto a metal cylinder and clips it in place. He then clips the cylinder into a device on his desk and flips a switch. Music starts playing, Jethro Tull's "Aqualung" album. It is quite out of place in this world. Fred leaned back in his chair to steal a moment of relaxation.

Caption

Tuesday, May 23rd 2000 11:00 am

Bob Zalinsky enters without knocking and makes a face when he hears the music.

Bob

Good Lord! Is that that stuff from X12-b, that "stone" music they get "rocked" to?

Fred Ajers

I think you mean “Rock music they get stoned to.” Yes, it is.

Bob smirks.

Bob

Something to do with the mineral kingdom in any case. How can you listen to that stuff? Makes my ears hurt.

Fred Ajers

I’m quite a fan of it. It’s one of that xenocontinuum’s finest art forms once you get used to it.

Bob

A “fan?”

Fred Ajers

It’s what they say. It’s short for fanatic.

Bob

Well, you certainly must be crazed in some way or another. Do you think you might turn it off for a moment?

Fred frowns, but he turns the music off.

Fred Ajers

You know, you might be a bit more tolerant, like I am when you bore me with those charts from X24-n, the pandalietry stuff.

Bob

Pindalometry. It's Pindalometry. You know, the rationalizations and fraudulent mathematics in that particular pseudoscience are a wonder to behold. You ought to…

Bob stops himself. He takes a deep breath.

Bob

That isn't what I came to tell you.

Fred looks wary.

Fred Ajers

Oh?

Bob

I have something you must see!

Fred Ajers

Should I be worried?

Bob

Just come on down to the lab, o.k.?

Cut to Bob’s lab. They have just entered and the door is open. Just outside, Donald the janitor is explaining his political position to a junior staff member. Bob goes over and closes the door reducing Donald’s diatribe to an unintelligible  mumble.

Donald (background)

Foley's pitch has too much backspin, buddy! I'd worry the same way I'd worry about my pants being stolen in a Mexican whorehouse. It's just another severed-hand-wristwatch, capt'n.

Beeman doesn't have the home cookin' from his own tribe, no one to keep his balls warm for him, but Hogarth will hit all the bags and still be grinnin' when he slides, ya know what I mean?"

Staff Member

No. I really don’t.

Bob turns back to Fred.

Bob

That joke of getting junior staffers and interns to ask Donald’s opinions on politics is a little worn.

(he sighs)

Anyway, come on over here and take a look.

On the same table as before sits the Bloop. As usual, it is a totally different shape than before. Jeff Winbury comes over and joins them at the table. He gives a big grin.

Jeff

Why don’t you pick it up,

Doctor Ajers?

Fred looks suspicious, but reaches down and picks up the xenolite. It instantly pulls free of his grasp and falls back to the table.

Fred Ajers

Butterfingers!

He tries again, but holds it more firmly this time. His hand with the object stops dead two inches above the tabletop and the table itself jerks slightly.

Fred Ajers

What the…

Bob and Jeff are both smiling broadly. Fred Pulls harder and the table actually lifts. While holding the object, he passes his other hand underneath. It can’t be magnetism. There is clearly no invisible string. He is baffled.

Fred Ajers

I give up. What’s going on.

Bob

Look under the table.

Cut to shot just below the table. A clone of the Bloop

hangs in the air about two inches below the bottom surface. We see Fred’s face enters the shot as he slowly bends over to look. Now he is even more baffled.

Fred Ajers

Another one?

Bob

Nope. Another part of the same one.
It’s hyper-dimensional, get it?

Fred Ajers (annoyed)

For the moment let’s assume
I don’t “get it.”

Bob picks up the object only an inch or so and moves it toward the edge of the table. At the edge the other one peeks out and Bob lifts both of them clear. One Bloop hangs in the air about six inches from the other one.

Bob

Look, this is a three dimensional
section of a hyper-dimensional
object with a hole in it passing
through our three-dimensional space!
Imagine a three dimensional ring

passing through a two dimensional space. You would get two separate two dimensional objects connected in the third dimension. If you move the whole business up a dimension or more, you get this!

Bob gestures with the Bloop.

Fred Ajers

How did you find the “hole”?

Jeff

I accidentally knocked it over when I came in this morning and I couldn’t pick it up afterward. It must have slid into a different Orientation so now the hole is in our plane.

Bob gestures again with the object.

Bob

Watch this.

He turns the Bloop over and the second one diminishes in size until it vanishes altogether. He turns it the other

way and the second one reappears. Fred has gotten a little bit used to the Bloop doing strange things or his jaw would be on the floor. As it is, he merely rubs his temples. The entire business is giving him a headache.

Fred Ajers

Christ Jesus! (he pauses a beat)
Maybe you should get some more
photos of it doing that and perhaps
some motion pictures as well.

Jeff

We have, but we intend to do more,
see what other ways it can be
rotated and get some idea of the
entire object.

Fred gets up to leave the room.

Fred Ajers

And don’t make any postings about
this until I clear it. Please.
I know it seems perfectly harmless,
but I want the board of directors

to know about it before the world
at large does.

Fred leaves. Cut to his office. Fred takes Frank Johnston's business card from a file. It has a up and down stair step die-cut into its upper edge. He slips the card into a little inset on the front of his telephone with the stair steps below the number sliders and pulls down each slider in its turn to rest against a different step positioning them properly to dial Johnston's number and presses the button.

Fred Ajers (on phone)

Ahoy Mister Johnston. I think I
can give you that tour today.

Cut to Fred's office some time later. Johnston enters.

Johnston

The door was open.

Fred Ajers

Mister Johnston, Greetings!

Johnston rises and greets him.

Johnston

Doctor Ajers.

Fred Ajers

So, mister Johnston, as promised, I can give you something of a tour Today. Is there anything in particular you would like to see today?

Johnston

There are a number of things… everything I suppose, but I think my readers will be most interested in the living xenolites and perhaps the false xenolites.

Fred Ajers

Ah, the “zoo”. I believe I can arrange that. Please follow me and don’t hesitate to ask questions. Actually, you have probably already seen at least one living xenolite.

Donald, the Institute’s janitor was
a professional baseball player on
xenocontinuum X-4j. I have no doubt
that they still talk about him there.
One day he set out for third base and
never arrived. He had been accidentally
snatched by a heavy duty resonator.
That was ten years ago. His mind may
have been affected by the transition
but we are not absolutely certain that
he wasn’t that way all along.

They exit the office and head down one of the big corridors. A mail cart goes trundling by. Donald has an intern backed up against a wall and is talking excitedly to him. His eyes are intense.

Donald

Pay attention now, this is the truly
mystical part, even though an <u>outfielder</u>
handles the ball, it is still an
<u>Infield</u> Fly. So, the batter is
automatically out and is
booted off second base. But since the
ball is still in play on an Infield Fly,

the other runners advance legally!

His eyes develop a transcendent glow.

Donald

Beauty and purity!

Fred decides he had better break it up.

Fred Ajers

Donald! I'm sure that young man has something he ought to be doing. I <u>know</u> you do.

Donald backs away and continues mopping. The intern makes good his escape. Fred and Johnston continue down the corridor to the elevator. As they enter the elevator we cut to The Vivarium. It is a large, bright room topped by several sky-lights. It is on the top floor of the building. It is like a green house with many plants and trees planted along the walls and through various little islands of soil throughout the room. Some larger animals are penned in amongst various of the plants, but there is also a multitude of cages and aquaria and terrariums.

We see, at first at a distance, a somewhat peculiar looking

man making his way about the room, watering a plant here, murmuring to a caged animal there. We, as of yet, do not get a clear view of his face.

Fred and Johnston enter and walk toward the man who is still flitting among the plants. Johnston's face shows that there are a number of rather strong animal odors present. Just as they are quite close to him, the man emerges from beneath the shadow of a very odd tree with knobby bark and spiky leaves. He is not human. Or at least not precisely human. His build is odd with a longer torso and shorter legs than would be considered normal. His fingers are all the same length. His eyes are rather farther apart than is common. His hairline and beard pattern are notably peculiar. He has sort of a moustache that originates from both above and below the farthest corners of his lips. His skin is reddish brown, his eyes are of a golden color. His ears have an alien contour. He is dressed in gray trousers and shirt not to unlike Donald's janitor uniform and over that is a white lab coat.

He speaks with a slight accent originating not so much from speaking a different native language, but having a slightly different vocal apparatus. His English is quite precise and technically perfect. His sound should evoke

that of an English or American educated Indian. He is Karlik Bindilo.

Karlik

Ahoy gentlemen! Good day to you Doctor Ajers, is this the reporter fellow?

Fred Ajers

Mister Frank Johnston, may I introduce Karlik Bindilo, Director of the living xenolite research division of the Institute.

Frank extends his hand which Karlik grasps firmly. Frank is staring and trying to remember to smile. Karlik is also smiling but the effect is not quite right, the muscles in his face are distributed slightly differently for those of most people.

Johnston

I beg your pardon, Mister Bindilo, I have traveled the world and met persons of many lands, but never one such as yourself. May I be so bold as to inquire what your country

of origin might be?

Karlik

If you insist on addressing me so formally, it would be more proper to call me Czazretkau Karlik Adauksana. It more or less means “the learned scholar Karlik, but everyone around here just calls me Karlik. I formerly lived in the countries of Haglat and Lanfroeth, but they are forever lost to me. I am now a citizen of the United States of America.

Johnston

Haglat and Lan…

You, yourself are a living xenolite?

He looks imploringly at Fred who nods his head.

Karlik

Just precisely the case, Mister

Johnston.

Fred Ajers

We call what Karlik is homo alter. He is a human being from a line of descent that branched from ours about three million years ago. He was accidentally retrived from xenocontinuum X-74c twelve years ago.

Karlik

It was a most disconcerting incident.

Fred Ajers

His is more intelligent than our species. He was able to learn perfect English… and French and German, in a few months while the best linguists are still having problems with his language. He, who had previously spent his life as a poet, trained himself to become one of the world’s top biologists in three years.

Karlik

Freddy! You make me blush!

Johnston

Karlik, if I might be so bold as to ask, hasn’t it been a terrible loss for you to have been so abruptly cut off from your former life? Don’t you feel that fate has dealt with you poorly?

Karlik takes on a more serious demeanor.

Karlik

My life was wonderful and I lived it well. Then I was brought here. That life could just as easily have ended by my falling from a high building or my being taken with a sudden illness. Instead, I have been given the experience of another universe. It is not a common opportunity.
Should the day come that I am able to return home, I will bring with me the experience of this world. If that day should never come, then I can bring some of my culture to this one.

Fate has given me what it gives very
few and I am thankful.

Johnston nods thoughtfully.

While this conversation has taken place, we have had a chance to see that the room contains many animals but we are getting a better look now. In a large cage are some rabbit-like creatures, but a close up reveals that they are not rabbits at all. Their eyes are too far toward their snout, their teeth are all wrong and the patch of their nose is the wrong shape. They are a product of parallel evolution. In an aquarium is a collection of streamlined fish with fins, but no standard fish type tail. They seem to be powered by water jets. Enclosed in a large cage is a nautilus-like creature with a much expanded shell. It floats in the air apparently the shell is filled with buoyant gas. Johnston is twisting his neck this way and that trying to take it all in.

Karlik

Mister Johnston, please let me
show you some of the collection!

Johnston

If I am to call you Karlik, then

you must call me Frank.

Karlik smiles.

Karlik

Of course, Frank.

Karlik signals Fred and Johnston to follow him. Karlik is now showing a monkey in a cage with dense gray fur. He is very small, about the size of a squirrel. It has huge incisors adapted for nut crushing.

Karlik

This monkey is native to several xenocontinuua in the X-7 Region. It lives in North America and wherever it is present, the gray squirrel is absent from the environment.

Cut to him showing a small fenced in section of turf with a garden sundial. Inside are a pair of lean badger-like creatures with long, moist curly proboscises. Johnston is leaning over the short fence for a closer look.

Johnston

These are quite interesting,

but why the sundial?

He suddenly stands erect with an expression of enlightenment.

Johnston

Toves!

Karlik and Fred are both smiling.

Karlik

Indeed, we do call these creatures “toves” after an animal in a fantasy poem that they resemble so strongly. They are a burrowing marsupial, native to South America in the X-21 xenocontinuua.

We are shown a number of quick shots, each one displaying a different, strange animal. In one, we see Karlik’s hands spreading the branches of a small bush to expose a tiny tarsier-like animal except instead of huge eyes, it has tiny eyes and enormous ears. There is a bird sort of like a hornbill, but with antler-like outgrowths of its beak. The earlier described rabbit-like animal guards a clutch of eggs in a cage. A mouse-sized flying squirrel perches on one of johnston’s fingers. In a jar floats a very

mysterious worm-like animal. It has tri-lateral symmetry. Finally they are all shown standing before a pen. We see them first from the perspective of the inside looking out at them looking in.

Johnston

Well, this one is just plain silly.

Karlik

They are found in truly enormous herds on the African veldt in the X-12 xenocontinuua.

Johnston

It looks like someone just painted it.

Karlik

I assure you that is not the case.

Cut to a view form the outside in. The animal under discussion is revealed to be a zebra that brays back at them loudly.

Johnston

Ridiculous.

A page comes over a public address system.

Page (female voice)

Doctor Ajers. You are needed in

engineering lab seven immediately.

Doctor Ajers to lab seven, please.

Karlik

That would be Doctor Zalinsky's lab, wouldn't it, Freddy?

Fred Ajers (under his breath)

Bob, now what?

Fred dashes out the door completely forgetting about Johnston. A quick shot shows the monkey pricking up its ears and then being distracted by the sight of a nut on a branch. It reaches for the nut and cracks it in his teeth. Cut to Fred running down the corridor very narrowly missing stumbling into one of the automatic mail carts.

Cut to Fred arriving out of breath outside of Bob Zalinsky's lab. There is a crowd of people, secretaries, interns, office boys, researchers. Against the wall a young woman is sitting, hugging her knees and weeping. The door to the lab is open and Fred enters.

A very quick tight shot of a large pool of blood. A shot of Fred's face close up head and shoulders. His mouth is starting to open. Another very quick, but somewhat wider shot of the pool of blood, a hand lies inertly palm up in

it. Another shot of Fred’s face, tighter, only head and neck, his mouth is opening wider, his pupils are dilating. Another even wider shot of the pool of blood. Slightly more than half a pair of glasses, very smoothly sliced through one of the lenses lies next to it. We see the head of Jeff Winbury, or rather somewhat more than half of his head. The rest is simply missing, cut away utterly smoothly its insides revealed obscenely reminding one of a sliced watermelon. Most of his blood has already run out and now it only drips making circular waves in the blood pool on the floor. A quick shot of Fred’s eyes only.

The whole room from Fred’s perspective through a slight “fish eye” effect. Jeff’s body lies in a pool of blood that reaches almost from one wall to the other. He is missing half his head, most of the right half of his torso and his right arm. His heart muscle, which has been neatly halved, is still quivering faintly. Also his right foot and half the shin lies separate from the rest of the corpse and the remainder of his right leg ends mid thigh. The knee is missing. It is a shocking image. Fred folds in the middle and vomits noisily. Bob, looking quite sick himself rushes to his side and helps him stand upright. Fred wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

Fred Ajers

Sweet Jesus! What happened?
What in the name of God
happened?!?

Just then Johnston appears at the door of the lab. He takes the whole scene in. He is shocked, but he snaps out of it and pulls a note pad from his breast pocket and starts writing.

Cut to a conference room. It is less than an hour later. Bob Zalinsky is sitting in a chair with a haunted expression. Fred is there along with some other researchers as well as two men who are administrators of some sort. Bob has been answering questions for a while, but more keep coming and they are making him repeat himself.

First Administrator

Doctor Zalinsky, can you please
try not to talk so fast and
relate events in the order they
happened?

Fred Ajers

Come on, Bob. We just have to
understand exactly what happened.

Bob looks like he might burst into tears.

Bob

How the hell am I supposed to tell you that? I only barely have an idea of what happened! Its something that couldn’t possibly have happened!

Fred reaches over and lays a hand on his shoulder.

Fred Ajers

Just take it slow, Bob.

Bob endeavors to calm himself.

Bob

O.k., o.k.

Jeff and I were photographing the Bloop…

Second Administrator

That would be xenolite X dash 009603 dash 1, correct?

Fred Ajers

Please, Mister Reeves, let him

tell it.

The administrator subsides.

Fred Ajers

Go ahead, Bob.

Bob

Jeff was photographing the Bloop…moving it into different positions. We had come to the conclusion that it was actually a far larger object than we had previously supposed…perhaps the mass of an upright piano…so we were trying to see as much of it as we could. We were only able to see a little bit of it at a time.

He mops his brow with an already moist handkerchief.

Bob

Well, Jeff was trying to pull it hard to perhaps show a

portion we hadn't seen before
and it suddenly pulled back.
He must have pushed it off
balance while he was holding
on to it. He was suddenly
yanked in a direction we
don't go.

His lower lip is quivering. As Bob is describing the accident, we see very short segments of it. Jeff Winbury trying to manipulate the Bloop, the sudden yank. The look on his face as the pull starts is almost amused even as half his face disappears. In slow motion we see his corpse collapse fountaining blood. The Bloop flies off into a corner of the lab.

Bob

It was over in less than a
second. Part of him, the
part that isn't there anymore,
got pulled in. I guess we
can't even exist there, you
know, in that space. All of
his cells, perhaps the atoms
themselves were all suddenly

open on one or more sides.

And then there was just

blood, blood, blood everywhere.

More slow motion flashback. Jeff's body collapsing into an already large pool of blood with a splash. Bob stepping back, his expression only now starting to change as he realizes the horror of what he is seeing. The Bloop now rests on the floor in a far corner of the lab.

First Administrator (to Fred)

Is the xenolite in a safe place?

Fred Ajers

It's in the basement vault. God only knows how safe it is there.

First Administrator

And what about that reporter?

Fred Ajers

It will be tricky, but I have sort of a plan, if I can count on your support.

First Administrator

Of course, whatever it takes.

Fred Ajers (to Bob)

Bob, you are going to be alright. I know this has been a tremendous shock, but it will be alright.

Second Administrator

We have already arranged for some time off for Doctor Zalinsky.

Fred Ajers

Well, it’s time for me to go do my job.

Fred gets up and leaves the conference room. Directly outside is Frank Johnston leaning against a wall and smoking. Fred approaches him.

Johnston

Are you going to tell me what happened or not, Doctor Ajers?

Fred Ajers

I appreciate you waiting,
Mister Johnston. Can we go
and speak in my office?

Cut to Fred’s office. Fred and Johnston face each other across the desk. There is a palpable tension between the two. They have already been conversing for a few minutes.

Johnston

How can you seriously expect me
not to write about this incident?
How do I know it wasn’t a murder?
Why are there no police here?

Fred Ajers

Murder? Don’t be stupid, it was
an accident and the authorities
have been informed. I’m more worried
about the public reaction.

Johnston

The public must be informed.

Fred Ajers

I understand you find this

incident newsworthy, but I
implore you to be sympathetic
to the sensitive approach we
must take to it.

Johnston

Good Lord, Ajers, aren't you
just the perfect public relations
man! Sensitive! Cover up, you mean!

Fred rubs the bridge of his nose. He is in a bind and they both know it.

Fred Ajers

Mister Johnston…Frank, after
last week I made some inquiries
regarding your access to the
internet.

Johnston stiffens in his chair.

Fred Ajers

It would be an injustice and
a misfortune for your sister
to lose her high paying job
with Whitney Pharmaceuticals

for providing unauthorized
internet access.

Johnston

It’s not illegal! The internet
is a public forum.

Fred Ajers

A public forum with access granted
to authorized users associated with
member institutions. I ask you,
Mister Johnston, do you have such
authorization?

Johnston is silently glaring at Fred. He has nothing to say.

Fred Ajers

I truly want you to be able to see
that nothing sinister is going on
at the Institute. I am empowered
to grant you <u>authorized</u> internet
access and detailed reports on the
institute’s activities. You will
even have an office in the building.

Johnston

And what will that cost me?

Fred Ajers

A commitment to responsible reportage. We are not trying to shut you up, merely to contain journalistic sensationalism. Your special access with be dependant on your willingness to work with us toward presenting a true picture of the Institute’s work.

Johnston

Access in exchange for information control.

Fred Ajers

In exchange for responsible journalism. We have a free press and of course you may write what you please. You will do so, we hope with the understanding that we do

research that can generate
valuable patents and may
constitute trade secrets and
that certain information could
have a negative effect on our
research and our ability to lend
you support.

You will be the only news man
in America with full authorized
access to the internet. You will
be able to read postings as well
as make postings and inquiries
of your own.

It is unnecessary to publicize
The exact nature of the accident
until we have had more time to
study the xenolite.

Johnston gravely nods his head. It is an offer he can't refuse. Cut to a shot over the shoulder of a man reading the Newspaper in a café. Banner headline reads "FOLEY RELEASED FROM HOSPITAL" there is a photo of a jovial looking man in late middle age waving and smiling. One of his arms is in a sling. "'DON'T COUNT ME OUT', SAYS

GOVERNOR”.

Zoom in on a small box near bottom of the page. Small headline reads “FREAK ACCIDENT AT IPS. RESEARCHER KILLED IN EQUIPMENT EXPLOSION.” We are not given time to read the fine text in detail, but the Bloop is not mentioned.

There is a montage of Frank Johnston being given an office with an internet memex and various scenes of him observing doings around the institute interspersed with scenes of him reading from the internet and typing up stories. We are also shown scenes of Fred welcoming Bob Zalinsky back. Also scenes of Fred playing recorded Music for Johnston in his office while Johnston grimaces and holds his ears. Finally we see Johnston and Fred walking down an underground corridor. There is a sort of tramway along the wall that is carrying two blue coverall clad technicians past them in the same direction they are going.

Caption

June 22nd 2000

They come to a door that looks rather like that of an Elevator. There is a phone slider pad next to the door. Fred positions the sliders to the numbers 0007650 and presses the button. The doors slide open revealing a large

well lit room.

Caption

The Probe Room

As they pass through the door, the two technicians we saw in the hall are unloading a couple of tool boxes from the tram and making ready to check the power lines. It is obviously a final safety check and they are working their way down a list very quickly.

Tech 1

Phase load damping?

Tech 2

Check

Tech 1

Bleeder pin alignment motor?

Tech 2

Check

Tech 1

OEC Converters?

Tech 2

Check

Tech 1

Phase amplitude mirror?

Tech 2

Check

Tech 1

Transfer Stage alignment?

Tech 2

Check

As the action proceeds, the two technicians go on in this manner in the background for a few more moments and eventually load their testing equipment back into the tram and leave. At the same time Fred and Johnston cross the room to where the new resonator, the one that found the Bloop, has been installed. Zalinsky is roaming around the mechanism checking for errant dust particles. He is followed by a young woman in a lab coat, presumably his new assistant. Two men enter the room and step up to a control panel that has been set up about twenty feet away from the resonator itself. They are Dr. Edward Wright and Dr. Roscoe Cromwell, the principal researchers on the project. They are both slightly overweight middle-aged balding men with wire frame glasses, almost twins. For the moment, Johnston is just taking in the activity in the room and scribbling notes on his pad.

Fred motions Johnston over to the control panel.

Fred Ajers (to Wright and Cromwell)

Genltlemen, I would like you to meet Frank Johnston from the Sun-Herald.

The two shake hands in turn with Johnston.

Wright

Indeed! A pleasure.

Cromwell

A pleasure indeed!

Johnston

Likewise. What am I going to see happen today?

Cromwell

This is going to be a load test. We are not going to stress the machinery too much by trying to reach a very distant xenocontinuum…

Wright (completing his sentence)

…but rather attempt to move a
more massive than usual load from
a nearer one.

Fred Ajers (to Johnston)

It ought to be impressive. I'll
take you right down near the
transfer stage so you can observe
the field flux.

Fred and Johnston walk over to the machine. It has been completely repaired and all of the parts have been cleaned and polished. Various parts of the apparatus are moving as Wright and Cromwell prepare for the test. Cromwell calls out.

Cromwell

Alright, pull all auxiliary
power sources. Engage cells
(a beat) now. Full activation,
we have a field.

The five Mollot cells move into proximity with five polished steel plates. An odd glow forms and the air right over the plates starts to look like ripples on a pond. Fred

points to an alpha-numeric counter. The counter shows the word “prime”, but then it clicks over to X1-c.

Fred Ajers

See, the field is now in contact
with a very close xenocontinuum.

The counter starts to click upward. X2-n, X4-a, X7-c, X9-a, X10-f, X12-b. Johnston reaches out to attempt to touch the rippling field only to have Fred grab his wrist.

Fred Ajers

Perhaps not the best of ideas.

Fred reaches over and takes Johnston’s pen
from him. A quick close up shows that it is an aluminum “Stylex”.

Fred Ajers

Watch this.

He takes the pen and holds it out point first and inches it toward the field. As the point makes contact with the ripples in the air, the pen also ripples. Briefly, it writhes like a snake and then Fred drops it to the floor.

He then kneels down and picks up the fallen pen and hands it to Johnston who kneels to retrieve it. Close up of pen: it is now made of transparent plastic with a hexagonal barrel and says “BIC” on the side. Johnston’s expression precisely mimics that of the one shown on Mollot’s face in the “Ticonderoga Pencil” sequence.

Fred Ajers

Your very own xenolite.

The field suddenly changes its motion and starts periodically swirling.

Wright

You gentlemen had best move,
I think the field might either
overload or collapse.

Fred and Johnston both rise to step back when the field suddenly pulses outward very strongly.

The transition is no fancy special effect, just a straight and abrupt cut. It is dark and the busy sounds of the probe room have suddenly ceased. There are a couple of rectangles of light near the top of the frame. They are

basement windows dimly illuminating a very ordinary apartment building basement with a furnace, a couple of bicycles and several dusty boxes piled against a wall. We see the backs of both Fred and Johnston’s heads rise slowly into the frame.

Caption

Xenocontinuum X12-b

Fred Ajers (under his breath)

Damnation!

Johnston turns to him

Johnston

What happened?

Fred Ajers (louder)

Hell and damnation!

The faces of both men are illuminated by a rectangle of light from the window in the otherwise dim room.

Johnston

What happened?

Johnston abruptly sits on the dusty floor. He is in a bit

of shock.

Johnston

We were in the room with the machine, and then you did the trick with the pen and then we were here.

He looks up at Fred.

Johnston

Why are we here, Doctor Ajers?

Fred Ajers

Get up, Mister Johnston. We are in a bit of a pickle.

Johnston (rising to his feet)

What happened?

Fred Ajers

The field. The field from the resonator, it just reached out and grabbed us. Must have overloaded like it did when it captured Zalinsky’s xenolite.

We have crossed into a
xenocontinuum.

Johnston waits a few seconds before responding.

Johnston

Which one?

Fred Ajers

I don’t know.

Johnston

How do we get back?

Fred Ajers

I don’t know.

Johnston

Can we get back?

Fred Ajers

I don’t know. We are in a
basement. We probably ought
to get out of here.

Johnston is on the knife edge of hysteria.

Johnston

Who’s basement?

Fred Ajers (impatient)

How the devil should I know?

Johnston

Well you’re the damned scientist!

Light suddenly enters into the room from high up. Someone has opened a door at the top of the stairs. A female voice calls out.

Woman

Who’s down there?

Fred seizes Johnston’s arm and pulls him close. He speaks in a stage whisper.

Fred Ajers

We have got to get out of here now!

Follow me and keep you mouth shut.

Fred pulls Johnston around to the base of the stairs and they both look up. Their interrogator is a woman in her late twenties. She is wearing a pair of short-shorts and a small halter top and sandals. Fred and Johnston are startled. They are obviously not used to seeing a woman wearing so little. Fred very quickly composes himself.

Fred Ajers

Good day, Madam! We are from the Cambridge Electro-works doing a routine check of your dynamo.

They start climbing the stairs.

Woman

Electro-works. Dynamo?

The ruse hasn’t worked for even a second. They continue to climb the stairs. The woman takes a step backward

Fred Ajers

I’m so sorry, Madam. We would have informed you ahead of time, but we were on a tight schedule. Rest assured that your electrical tax will be adjusted accordingly.

Quickly, the two squeeze by her and are in the lobby of an apartment building.

Woman

Electrical tax? Did Mister DeNardo call you? I didn’t

see anything on the bulletin
board about it, and do you think
you could stop calling me
“madam”?

Fred Ajers

Yes! Yes, of course, Miss.
Mister DeMarco did indeed
call us. It was a very urgent
matter

They are backing toward the door to the street as Fred speaks.

Woman

DeNardo.

The two barge out the front door just as the woman is joined by a man.

Woman

What the fuck?

Fred and Johnston are on the front walk of a medium-sized apartment building in Massachusetts avenue in Cambridge. The Cambridge of our world.

Johnston

Strange to hear such language from a woman!

Fred Ajers

I expect it won’t be the strangest thing you’re destined to hear.

Cut back to the building lobby.

Man

Who was that?

Woman

Some crazy homeless Guys trying to squat in the basement. Did you see the costumes they were wearing? Did they escape from the circus or were they just gay?

Man

Ya got me.

Massachusetts Avenue is completely different from how we saw it earlier. Johnston, center frame, is leaning against a tree as if he was a bit dizzy. As he starts to get it together a bit he starts to straighten up and his hand rubs across a nail protruding from the bark of the tree. Close up: The tree, the nail. He stops short for a second and grasps the nail for a second. Johnston looks up for a second and forgets about the nail.

Johnston

Lines.

Fred Ajers

What?

Johnston

There are lines being drawn
through the sky, like chalk
on a blackboard.

Fred follows his gaze. There are a number of commercial jet contrails. A car goes by with very loud Hip-Hop streaming out of the windows. The lyrics, those that can be made out, are replete with obscenities. Johnston is aghast.

Fred Ajers

X12-b. We are in X12-b.

Johnston

How do you know?

Fred Ajers

The music is unique to this timeline and those lines are caused by jets.

Johnston

Jets?

Fred Ajers

Jet engine powered aeroplanes.

Johnston

That tells me absolutely nothing. What is a “jet engine?” What is an “aeroplane?”

Fred Ajers

An aeroplane is a heavier than air type aircraft like the paper darts you fold in the office. A jet engine compresses air and

fuel and ejects it rearward at
high speed to propel the aircraft.
Aeroplanes must always be in motion
or they will fall out of the sky.
They are much faster than freight
and tourist skyships, but much
slower than military skyships and
space ships.

Johnston

It sounds like they would be quite
dangerous.

Johnston is still staring upward in wonder.

Fred Ajers

They are.
Perhaps we can save the
travel-log until later,
Mister Johnston, so
that we can concentrate on
our survival. I’m afraid
that this is not the
friendliest of xenocontinuua,

even though it is one of the
closer ones to our own.

They turn around. We can now see that where once stood the buildings of the Institute are now an office building and a couple of apartment buildings.

Johnston

This is close? It looks very
different to me.

Fred Ajers

It is different in hundreds
of superficial ways, but this
is still a country called The
United States of America and
this is a state called Massachusetts.
The people here speak English or
a variety thereof.
The Institute has recovered quite a
few xenolites from here including
a major collection of recorded music
and a large number books and magazines.
This is one of half a dozen or so
xenocontinuua that we have a reasonably

complete picture of. We will still be blank on most of the subtleties, but we have a better chance here than a lot of places.

We need to acquire some cultural literacy very quickly in order to get by, but things could have been very much worse, I assure you.

Johnston leans close to Fred.

Johnston

What do you mean “get by?” How long are we going to be here?

Fred Ajers

We have no way to get back, Frank. We will be here until the good Lord calls us home.

Johnston

And you say things could be worse?!?

Fred Ajers

We could have ended up like Jeff Winbury.

A man in a business suit goes striding by while talking on a cell phone. He looks both Fred and Johnston up and down as if they were in a freak show.

Fred Ajers

First we will need new clothes.

Cut to Fred and Johnston making their way through the city. Most people are actually ignoring them. A woman jogs by wearing a bikini bottom and a sports bra and running shoes. She has an MP3 player attached to the strap of her bra and a cell phone hangs from the bikini bottom.

Johnston

When I imagine how much attention
she would be paid in our world, I
wonder at how little <u>we</u> are getting.

A few quick shots of views up and down the street show a number of people going here and there. A pair of young lovers, the boy is black, the girl is Asian. Two men in suits conversing in Arabic. A gaggle of college girls joking and laughing. They are a mixture of every known shade of skin. A pair of older Mediterranean looking men play dominoes at an outdoor café table.

Fred Ajers

Everyone is different here.
Look how heterogeneous the
people are. From all over
the world and a hundred
sub-cultures. It’s not that
they don’t think we’re strange,
it’s that they are used to
strange.

Johnston points to a coin dealer’s shop. It has a sign in the window that says “Top dollar for gold and silver.”

INT. Coin Shop

The two standing at the counter. On the counter are laid out seven or eight gold coins. The man behind the counter is examining them.

Coin dealer

This is not a U.S. coin.
None of them are.

Fred Ajers

But they are real gold.

Coin Dealer

Oh yeah, the gold is real

and their not technically
counterfeit since there have
never been U.S. issued coins
like these. Are you sure you
want to sell them? They are
probably worth more as art
than as gold.

Fred Ajers

I understand, but our need
for cash is rather pressing.

Coin dealer

Suit yourself.

The dealer places the coins on an electronic scale.

Coin dealer

I can give you … five
hundred twenty-one dollars
and sixty-five cents.

Johnston whispers to Fred.

Johnston

Well, that’s a lot more

than I expected.

Fred Whispers back.

Fred Ajers

Shut up.

Fred answers the coin dealer.

Fred Ajers

We’ll take it.

MONTAGE:

Fred and Johnston walking around Boston. Their first stop is a goodwill store from which they emerge in timeline appropriate clothing. Johnston wears a casual suit, Fred has Levis, a t-shirt and a denim jacket with sneakers. They are seen looking in shop windows, buying newspapers and magazines and eating fast food on a bench while watching women in short skirts walk by. They are looking at classified adds for a rooming house. They circle an address in Allston.

Cut to INT: a cramped furnished room in a rooming house in Allston.

Fred and Johnston are dealing with the Landlady, a bohemian looking woman in her fifties She is weary a gypsy

style brightly printed dress with Birkenstock sandals.

Fade in on dialog.

Landlady

…and while I support all kinds
of lifestyles, I can’t have you
bringing a lot of boys around.
I’m sure you understand.

Johnston

Madam, I assure you…

Landlady

Madam!? Call me Cindy, will ya?
Now, it’s one-ten a week and
you have to keep the music or
TV low after ten, o.k.?

Fred Ajers (counting out money)

That will be fine, and thank you
very much.

The landlady leaves and closes the door behind her.

Johnston

She thinks we’re homosexuals!

Fred Ajers

So what? That's better than thinking we're what we are.

Johnston

And that is…?

Fred Ajers

Men from another dimension.

Cut to INT. Fred and Johnston's room-night. Fred and Johnston facing camera. View from over back of TV set. They are watching TV. They are alternately shocked, amused and perplexed. The room is littered with newspapers and magazines open on every surface. The magazines include Newsweek, Time, Sports Illustrated, Playboy, Scientific American and a number of other news stand favorites. They have been cramming for cultural literacy.

Fred Ajers

Alright. So there are only two major political parties in this America.

Johnston

That's right. The Democrats and

the Republicans. No American party.

Fred Ajers

Right, and the Republicans are considered the more conservative party here. And they are the ones who want that fellow who can’t speak correctly for president because his father was president.

Johnston

Yes.

Fred Ajers

And the man who is president now was impeached because he had a mistress.

Johnston

Apparently so.

Fred Ajers

Well, so far, the politics are the easiest part to understand about this world.

Gesturing at the TV

Fred Ajers

This “comedy” on the other hand…

Johnston

I wouldn’t have expected to understand the comedy. The music may drive me mad, though.

Fred Ajers

Really? I “dig” the music.

Johnston

You what? Oh never mind.

Cu to INT.-Day

Fred is in a convenience store filling out a job

application. He finishes and hands the form to a pimple-faced young man with a barbell piercing his eyebrow and another through his lower lip.

Counter man (reading over application)

Man, you have had a shitload of school. Ya know we will give you the job just because you speak English, it doesn't take a degree.

Hey, we need your SS.

He hands the form back to Fred.

Fred Ajers

My what?

Counter Man

Your Social Security Number, man. Oh, I get it. I should have known from the accent. I'm sorry but we can't use you if you're illegal. You gotta have a Green card.

Fred Ajers

Illegal. Green Card. Damnation.

Cut to INT. Rooming house-day

Fred and Johnston are conversing.

Johnston

You need permission from the government to work?

Fred Ajers

I know, it’s madness. Everyone must be “documented.”

Look, Johnston, there are some things you need to know about this world. This is one of several forbidden xenocontinuua. The Institute disseminates only very carefully selected bits of information concerning these worlds. Much information from these xenocontinuua is highly dangerous.

Johnston

What are you talking about.

Fred Ajers

For instance, on X9-h, they have discovered the secret of manipulating the code of life and they have developed devastating weapons made from viruses, bacteria and modified animals. In X24-j they have invented rays that spread insanity. Should that information get out it could be disastrous.

Johnston

And what do they have here?

Fred Ajers

I’m sure you have at least heard the name already. Nuclear weapons.

Johnston

Yes. What are they?

Fred Ajers

They release the power of the

atom. A nuclear bomb can take
out a whole city in a single
devastating blast and they
contaminate the air with
radiations that causes horrible
diseases. This country and
others can release hundreds of
these weapons on a moment’s notice.
If, by some mad chance,
we get home, you must not talk
or write about them.

Johnston is momentarily speechless.

Johnston

So, how do we go about getting
these “Socialy Secure” numbers?

Cut to INT. a dark bar daytime. Fred and Johnston sit in a booth across from Hector, a “go-to guy”. He is a beefy Latino who looks affectedly dangerous, probably a persona he cultivates for business reasons. He slides two sets of documents across the table to Fred and Johnston.

Hector

Here you go, man. Social Security, Birth Certificates, Liquor ID’s. I need a hundred today and another two-hundred when you start working. You screw me and I’ll fuck you up, got it?

Fred pays Hector.

Johnston

Sure, Hector. We won’t forget we owe you.

Hector

You know, I can get you driver’s licenses and passports too for five-hundred more.

Fred Ajers

This will do for now. Thank you for your help, Hector.

Hector gets up to leave.

Hector

O.k. then. Don’t make me fuck you up.

He leaves.

Johnston

My God. They all talk like that.

Cut to INT. busy restaurant. Fred is wearing a busboy uniform and bussing tables.

Cut to INT. office-day

Frank Johnston is typing on a computer. A copy of “Windows for Dummies” is on the desk beside him.

Cut to restaurant-evening.

Fred is getting ready to leave for the day. He approaches one of the waitresses.

Fred Ajers

Excuse me, Beverly. Have you seen Marcy, she hasn’t taken care of me yet.

Beverly

She went home, hon. She didn’t

pay you? That gets me so mad.
She does that to the busboys
all the time. You'll have to
get her later. I think her next
shift is Thursday.

Fred Ajers

Thursday. That sucks. Two
dollars and sixty-three
cents and hour plus twenty
percent of the section tips
if I can collect it.

Fred says "that sucks" like he's trying it out for the first time.

Montage:

Fred and Johnston are shown working at various jobs that are slowly improving in quality. Fred is filing books at a library. Johnston is working as a telephone operator. Then Fred is teaching English to foreign students and Johnston is doing research for a law firm.

Cut to Fred in a job interview.

Interviewer

Mister Ajers, I must say
that these papers you have
submitted are remarkably
original. Our corporation
works in the development
of unique technologies.
Your work is unlike anything
we have seen, but the people
we have had review it believe
you are truly onto something.
These "parallel fields" of
yours, the math works. I don't
understand it, but we want to
develop it.

Fred Ajers

And the resonator?

Interviewer

Some of the technology you
describe requires more than
you have included in your
papers. You have only a
vague outline of some of the
key modules of the device.

Honestly, had you not provided
working models of some of
these devices, we would never
have considered your proposal
in a million years.

Cut to INT. an apartment living room Johnston is working at a desk in a corner on an out of date computer. Close up of desktop. On the desk sits a manuscript. The title page reads: The New Universe. A science Fiction Novel by E. Frank Johnston. Fred Ajers enters. They are no longer living in the single room.

Caption

September 24th 2000

Fred Ajers

Frank!

Johnston looks up from the desk.

Johnston

Ahoy, Fred, I'm right here.

Fred Ajers

I got the job! I think I
might just possibly be able

to help us.

Johnston

That is excellent news. How long do you think it will take, working from first principals, to fabricate a device that can take us home?

Fred is more subdued.

Fred Ajers

With enough funding and huge amounts of luck, ten years.

Johnston just stares at him.

Fred Ajers

That’s better than never.

Johnston

I guess we had best get comfortable.

He turns around and returns to typing.

Cut EXT. Street in Cambridge. Fred is walking down a street. His attention is caught by a flyer taped to a light pole. Close up of flyer. It reads “Friday 9/28 at The Middle East, Armageddon’s Cheerleaders, The Moops and The

Gnostics. Rock all night!

Fred Ajers

Well, alright!

Cut to INT. The Middle East, a Rock & Roll club. The place is crowded with various rock enthusiasts, mostly in their early twenties. Some are conservative looking college kids, some are young working types and quite a few are “punk” or “modern primitive” types sporting a variety of piercings and tattoos. On stage a band is loudly driving through a raucous number. The band is made up of five large, sweaty guys all with shaved heads. The song ends and a skinny girl comes up onto the stage and grabs a microphone.

Skinny Girl

Wow! Lets hear it for The

Moops!

The band exits the stage. One of them stops at a microphone briefly to make a few fart sounds under his arm into it before he goes which merits scattered applause.

Skinny Girl

Well, in about ten minutes

we will hear from The Gnostics.

A few claps and whoops from the audience.

Skinny Girl

Until then, the bar is open!

Applause and some laughter. Some members of the next band come onstage to set up, tapping mikes, tuning guitars, etc. Among them is Audrey Allen, a “morticia” type goth chick. She is pale-skinned with jet black hair reaching to her waist. She wears a black dress decorated with much black lace. Her hair has a broad red stripe dyed into it. On her left arm is a tattoo of a thorny branch spiraling its way up and ending with a full-blown red rose at her shoulder. Fred is riveted by her. We are shown several rapid close ups of her eyes, her cleavage, the tattoo, the skin of her neck, a black-stockinged ankle. Close of Fred’s face wearing a particularly stupid expression. Another view of Audrey strapping on a bass and adjusting the height of the Mike. A hand waves through the shot close to the lens. We have been looking through Fred’s eyes. Cut to Fred with a startled expression. There is a guy in a leather jacket with a mop of dirty blond hair standing next to him.

Leather Jacket Guy

She’s something, isn’t she?

It takes Fred a second to realize that the guy is talking

to him.

Fred Ajers

Yes. Yes she is. Who is she?

Leather Jacket Guy

That’s Audrey Allen. She plays bass for the Gnostics.

He points to a guy on the stage who looks like an exceptionally poor-man’s Tom Cruise in “Interview with a Vampire”.

Leather Jacket Guy

See that dude? That’s Ronnie Pure, His real last name is Burke, my friend’s cousin’s dealer used to be his room mate. He’s Audrey’s boyfriend, so if you have any ideas, make sure he’s out of sight.

Fred Ajers

Any ideas?

Leather Jacket Guy

Look, you would be doing her a favor,

he fucks around on her every chance

he gets.

Fred Ajers

You seem to know an awful lot.

Leather Jacket Guy

My friend’s cousin’s dealer says he’s

a drunk and a fucking prick to boot.

The band starts playing and conversation becomes impossible.

Cut to MONTAGE: in succession INT. of several Boston area clubs. In all Fred is near the stage either standing or at a table sipping scotch whiskey. On all occasions, The Gnostics are playing. In a few shots Fred can be seen to Briefly catch Audrey’s eye and receive an impersonal smile from her. He is also seen to send drinks to her table following sets and she waves and mouths “thank you”, but doesn’t invite him to join her. Finally, we are at another appearance at the Middle East. Fred sends a drink over to Audrey who is sitting alone. He sees the waitress bringing her the drink and is distracted by someone bumping into his chair. He turns back around and Audrey is sitting across from him. She is most fetching up close. The music is loud

and they have to shout to converse.

Audrey

How did you know I like
Highland Park?

Fred Ajers

Ahoy! I mean, Hello!
I asked around. I'm amazed
they even have it at the bar.

Audrey

I've seen you at a lot of
our gigs.

Fred Ajers

I'm a big fan of the band…
and of you.

She looks him in the eyes and holds contact for a few beats.

Audrey

You don't even know me.

Fred Ajers

A situation I hope to

correct.

She smiles, flattered.

Audrey

I have a boyfriend, you

know.

Fred Ajers

What?

Audrey

Nevermind.

Cut to later. Fred and Audrey are still at the table conversing in more normal tones. The band has left the stage. There is an empty glass for each of them as well as the ones they are currently drinking from.

Audrey

I have never heard an accent

like yours. Where are you from?

Fred Ajers

I was born in Pittsburgh, but

I have lived most of my adult
life right here in Cambridge.

Audrey

Nuh-uh, that’s not Pittsburgh.
They don’t say “ahoy” when
they mean “hello” in Pittsburgh.

Fred Ajers

Ahoy… um, that was just a joke.
Some of my college was in
Europe.

Audrey

That must be it.

They are enjoying one another’s company quite a bit. There is even some slight flirtation in their interaction. A guy comes up and taps Audrey on the shoulder. It is Tony, the drummer for the Gnostics.

Tony

Hey Audrey, we got our shit
packed up so we can go anytime.

Audrey

Oh, o.k. Where’s Ronny?

Tony looks uncomfortable.

Tony

I think he went out to smoke
some weed with the blonde chick
from Armageddon's Cheerleaders,
but that was like, an hour ago.
I think he'll have to find his
own way home.

Audrey frowns.

Audrey

"As usual", you mean. That
asshole. Fine. Let's just get
the fuck out of here.

Audrey gets up to leave with Tony, but then turns around. She leans back over the table putting her hand on Fred's and in the process exposing quite a bit of cleavage. She looks him straight in the eye and smiles.

Audrey

We play the Zeitgeist on Saturday.
It's an outdoor thing, around noon.
I <u>really</u> hope you'll come by.

Fred Ajers

I wouldn’t dream of missing it.

Audrey

I really like the way you talk!

She and Tony leave. Fred is staring after them with the same old stupid look on his face. The bartender comes up to him and snaps him out of it.

Bartender

Dude, we’re closing.

Cut to Fred and Johnston’s apartment. Johnston is typing. Fred is sitting on the couch staring into space and smiling to himself.

Johnston

I sold another story, Fred.

Fred Ajers

That’s nice.

Johnston

To this magazine called “Analog.”
They are talking about serializing
my novel.

Fred Ajers

That’s nice.

Johnston (impatient)

For God’s sake, Ajers, you haven’t heard a word I have been saying. The writing is paying off and I’ll be able to get my own place soon!

Fred Ajers

Oh! Damn, I’m sorry, Frank. That’s wonderful news.

Johnston

What is the matter with you?

Fred smiles.

Fred Ajers

I met a woman.

Johnston

You are not seriously thinking about getting involved with one of the women from this deranged

place.

Fred Ajers

Why not? You are building a career as an author in this deranged place.

Johnston

That’s quite different from building a family!

Fred Ajers

(laughs) Good God, Johnston. Getting a little ahead of ourselves, aren’t we?

Cut EXT. a park late afternoon. A picnic in a public park. Across the street from the park is the Zeitgeist gallery. There is a bandstand set up but the music is all over for the day. Audrey and Fred are on a blanket having sandwiches and talking.

Audrey

I can’t believe that you have never heard of Kandinsky or DeKooning! You have to come

to the museum with me!

Fred Ajers

Indeed, I guess I have to!

Cut to montage of Fred and Audrey at the Fogg Museum. Fred clearly finds the 20th century work at best perplexing. This time Audrey looks less goth. She is not performing and she now feels comfortable with Fred. She is wearing a pair of jeans and a short, tight t-shirt that exposes her midriff showing that she has a pierced navel. Her hair is done into a long braid.

Cut to EXT. Bank of the Charles river, a park with a boathouse and a running and biking path.
LONGSHOT: Fred and Audrey are sitting on the grass beneath a small tree sipping coffee from paper cups.
Med. Shot: they are chatting and smiling. The chemistry between them is coming to the fore.

Fred Ajers

…My favorite quote from him is

“My drawings transport us to the

ambiguous world of the

indeterminate."

Audrey

I don't get it. You can hold

forth like a professor about

Redon, but you have never even

heard of Picasso. What is up

with that?

Fred Ajers

I guess my art education somehow

came up deficient regarding that

particular fellow.

Close up: Audrey laughs at how ridiculous this sounds.

Audrey

Everybody knows who Picasso is! He's

considered the most important artist

of the 20th century! I swear, it's like

you're from another world!

Fred is suddenly alert. He realizes that this is a major slip up. Audrey notices his change of mood.

Fred Ajers

W-what makes you say that?

Audrey

Fred, what's the matter?

Fred Ajers

"Another world" Indeed!
Ridiculous, that's what
it is, ridiculous!

Fred, being caught off guard is looking a little frantic in a way that could be easily interpreted as him having a screw or two loose.

Audrey looks very puzzled and a little worried. Is this guy a screwball?

Audrey

I only mean that you don't know
a lot of things that everyone
else seems to know, even though
you have been to college. It's
just a little strange, that's all.

Close up: Fred chews on his lip for a few seconds.

Fred Ajers

What if I were to tell you that
I did come from another world?

Audrey stops smiling and takes on a pained expression. She squints and rubs her temples.

Audrey

Oh God. Please, please,
please, don't tell me
that you came off a flying
saucer!

Fred Ajers

A what? What in the name of
God is a "flying saucer"
supposed to be?

Audrey

You know, an alien space ship?
Men from Mars? Please don't do
this. I have met too many men
who are crazy or liars or just
plain assholes.

Fred Ajers

I’m not a crazy, lying asshole,

I promise.

Audrey

So what is it, then? Have you

been in prison or something?

Fred frowns and scratches his head. He stands up and reaches into the watch pocket of his Levis and pulls out a brass coin about the size of a nickel. He passes it to Audrey as he sits back down.

Fred Ajers

Take a look at this.

Close up of coin sitting in Audrey’s palm as she examines it. It has a profile of an older man with a benign smile and chin whiskers. Above his head it says “United States of America” and below the portrait is says “Ten Cents”. She flips it over and it shows an ornate pillar, a monument of some sort and the words “In God we Trust”.

Audrey

What’s this?

Fred Ajers

An American dime. A ten-cent
piece.

Audrey

The fuck it is. It’s the wrong
size and that’s just for starters.
Who’s this guy?

Fred smiles a little nervously.

Fred Ajers

It’s “Uncle Clem.” Clement
Paul McKittrick, President
of the United States, 1933
to 1940.

Audrey gawks at the coin. A broad grin blossoms on her face. She looks Fred straight in the eye.

Audrey

What is wrong with you? Just
because I get a little curious,
you have to go and put me on
like that.

Audrey reaches out and starts tickling Fred. She bowls him over onto his back and ends up lying on top of him. She

gives him a light peck on the lips.

Audrey

Let’s you and me make a deal.
I won’t treat you like a dummy
anymore and you won’t mess around
with my mind, O.k?

Fred Ajers

I’ll do anything you say for another
of those.

She kisses him again, this time more deeply.

Fred Ajers

Um… so, what’s up with you and
Ronnie?

Audrey

Ronnie? You mean my ex-boyfriend,
Ronnie?

Fred grins and they kiss one more time. They break apart but are still close. Audrey looks at Fred with coy humor.

Audrey

So… tell me all about the

world you come from.

Cut to living room of Fred and Johnston’s apartment -Evening. Fred is sitting on the couch looking at nothing in particular. He is wearing a foolish smile. Johnston is working at the computer. The desktop of the computer is now highly customized, he has proven to be a quick study with all things cyber. He looks up from his work to see Fred’s expression. He grimaces in disgust.

Johnston

Ajers!

Fred is jolted.

Fred Ajers

What?

Johnston

Oh, nothing save for that you are wearing a more stupid than usual expression this evening.

Fred sprouts a big happy grin.

Fred Ajers

Audrey seems to enjoy my company.

We kissed today… many times. I
even told her where we came from,
the whole story, but she thinks
it’s just some sort of game.

Johnston is now somewhat peeved.

Johnston

Need I point out that our sojourn
in this world grows ever
longer while you waste time
dallying with that preposterous
looking woman and get nothing done
toward ending our exile? We shall
be marooned here forever at this
rate!

Fred becomes more serious.

Fred Ajers

We probably will be anyway. Even
if I can construct a resonator
of sufficient power to return us,
I have little knowledge of precise
field calibrations and what I do

know applies using our continuum as a baseline, not this one. From here, home is a xenocontinuum of unknown spacing and resonance.

Frank, this is where our life is now. There is only faint hope for us getting back.

Johnston

If there is truly no hope then don’t pretend.

Fred Ajers

It’s not <u>impossible</u> that we will ever get home, but it is a <u>very</u> slim hope. At best it will take a very long time. We should be living life <u>here</u>, because our lives there are over.

Johnston hangs his head and gives a brief, mirthless chuckle.

Johnston

I am a mourner at my own funeral.
We are in the afterlife and yet
mortal. This is not a fate I
might have expected.

Fred Ajers

Let's not get too dramatic.
Fate is what you make of it,
remember Karlik? We have been
given an opportunity.

Reverse shot of Frank's face. He is unconvinced.

Cut to EXT. An office building on Massachusetts avenue in Cambridge. It is the exact location of the Institute for Parallel Studies, but, of course, it is an entirely different building. It is two doors away from the apartment building in which Fred and Johnston first appeared in this world.

Caption

July 12th 2002

Cut to INT. Day. An office in the same building. The office has a number of posters on the wall that advertise music CD releases. One of them is for the Gnostics and features a glamorous photo of Audrey. Another features a picture of

Ronnie Pure, but the band named on the poster is called "Jagged." Fred is on the phone. Behind him is a shelf of books. Close examination would reveal that at least two of them are "science fiction" titles by Frank Johnston.

Caption

Office of the Ajers Talent Agency

Fred Ajers (on phone)

Yeah…that would be fine. Audrey would love to do it, she thinks Matt is cute. O.K., then. We'll be looking forward to it.

Audrey enters the office. She no longer has the red streak through her hair that she currently has held back as a ponytail. Fred gats up to greet her. They hug and kiss for a few seconds.

Audrey

Hi baby!

Fred Ajers

Hi there. Hey, you are going to do the Today Show when you play New York!

She grins.

Audrey

Cool! I haven’t been up that early in a while.

So, you got that office for Frank. I saw his name on the door when I walked by.

Fred Ajers

Yeah, one opened up and he wanted a workspace. Besides, it’s nice having him around so he can help me with my computer.

Fred’s cell phone rings. Fred answers.

Fred Ajers (on phone)

Hello?

Cut to EXT. in front of the building. Frank Johnston is on his cell phone.

Johnston

Ajers! I’m right out front. Get out here now! It’s an emergency!

Cut back to Fred in the office.

Fred Ajers (on phone)

Emergency? What? O.k. I'll be right down.

Fred snaps the phone closed.

Fred Ajers (to Audrey)

Frank has a problem. I have to go for a couple of minutes.

Audrey

I'll come with.

They both dash out the door.

Cut to EXT. in front of building. Frank Johnston is standing a few feet from the front of the building looking down at the pavement. Fred and Audrey come out of the front door and walk up to him. Fred follows his gaze and his eyes grow wide.

Cut to: shot of the sidewalk there is an odd blurry object sitting there. It is the Bloop.

Audrey

What the hell <u>is</u> that thing? It's

hard to look at.

Johnston

That’s it, isn’t it.

Fred Ajers.

I believe it might just be.

Audrey

Just might be what? What is it?

Fred Ajers

The Bloop.

Audrey looks very uncomfortable.

Audrey

But…that was just a story, right?

It’s not, you know…real.

Audrey is agitated and her voice is getting a little high and wavery.

Distracted, Fred doesn’t quite catch her tone. He turns to her.

Fred Ajers

It’s real, and just like I told you. Just like Frank wrote about in his book.

Johnston

Why is it here?

Fred Ajers

Don’t you understand? It has more than three spatial dimensions! It can’t fit into a single, three dimensional continuum. It is here and also back in the vault at the institute and God knows how many other places!

Audrey has taken a few steps backward. She is seriously weirded out. Fred and Frank are all but ignoring her.

Johnston

Perhaps we can use it to communicate with the institute!

Fred Ajers

You’re mad! It’s dangerous! Remember Jeff Winbury?

Johnston

I admit that we would have to

be very careful, but we can't

just let this go! Opportunity,

Ajers, opportunity!

Fred nods. With great care, Fred picks it up. At the moment it is about the same size as a cinder block. Slowly he carries it toward the front door with Johnston right beside him. Audrey trails more slowly about five paces behind. Her steps are reluctant. It is almost as if she is in a trance. Her entire view of reality has been turned upside-down in the space of a few seconds. Cut to Johnston's office. It is identical to Fred's but much more Spartan. There is a desk with a computer, a small bookshelf, a file cabinet and a small couch with a coffee table. On the desk is a two cup Mister coffee machine. Over the desk is the room's single decorative object, a framed print of DaVinci's "Lady with an Ermine." Fred and Johnston burst into the office and Fred hefts the Bloop onto the coffee table. As he sets it down its surface rolls and the object suddenly doubles in size. Audrey straggles in behind them but stays close to the door.

Audrey (muttering under her breath)

It's true…it's true….

Audrey Gathers her courage and walks slowly over to the table. She reaches out and timidly touches the object with

two fingers while Fred and Johnston are looking away. The surface of the bloop instantly starts moving. Cut to Audrey without the bloop in the frame. Her eyes go wide and she jumps back with a little yelp.

Fred and Johnston whip around at the sound. Cut to a shot of the bloop that is now even larger. There is an opening in it about the size of a small window. Fred and Johnston step closer.

Fred Ajers

It’s the hole. We are seeing it straight on.

The view through the hole shows the same office, but it is unfurnished and unlit on the other side. Johnston walks around the other side of the bloop. No hole can be seen from the back. He and Fred exchange a meaningful glance.

Fred Ajers

It’s a doorway into a xenocontinuum. The hole goes right through three dimensional spaces.

Cut to a close up of Audrey: Audrey is against the wall biting one of her thumbnails. Her eyes are still wide, she

is clearly freaked out,  but she also looks curious.

Fred Ajers (to Johnston)

Frank, this may really be a way.
If the hole points to that world
then maybe we can point it to the
Institute.

Johnston

How, though.

Fred Ajers

I don’t know. We will have to
experiment, but…

He is cut off by Audrey’s voice calling his name.

Audrey

Freddy!

Fred and Johnston turn around. Audrey is nowhere to be seen. She calls again. Now she can be seen on the other side of the hole in the bloop.

Audrey

Freddy! Look, I'm in another world! I had to feel it. I had to prove it was real!

Fred's jaw drops.

Fred Ajers

My God! Audrey, don't move a muscle! Here, take my hand.

Fred reaches toward the bloop and bumps it slightly. The angle of the hole starts to change. The view of Audrey through it slips sideways. Fred leaps through the hole. Suddenly there is no longer a clear view through the hole, just a rapid flickering of light and dark almost like a rolling television image. Frank Johnston stands alone in his office staring at the flickering space.

Cut to:

Montage: Shots of Johnston experimenting by lightly touching the inside of the hole. Some shots show daytime, others evening. A number of days are passing. The view through the hole shows various worlds at one time or another. In some, there is wilderness as far as the eye can see, in others a bustling city. Some cities are very foreign looking. The vantage point is always the same and the shot shows Johnston's window in the same frame as the

hole in the bloop showing that the landscape always lines up with what he sees. With each individual shot, we can see an increasing number of empty pizza, Burger King and Chinese food containers on various surfaces. Finally he touches it ever so slightly and finds himself looking into the face of the young woman previously seen as Bob Zalinsky's new assistant. She jumps and immediately calls out.

Assistant

Doctor Zalinsky! Come quickly!

The astounded face of Bob Zalinsky appears on the other side of the hole.

FADE OUT

Voice over (The voice of Bob Zalinsky)

Frank Johnston became the first displaced person to ever be returned to his continuum of origin. His book about his adventures in xenocointinuum X12-b, a book that made no references to nuclear power, became a perennial best seller and a standard text

about alternate cultures.
What became of Doctor
Fredric Martin Ajers and
Audrey Allen was never
discovered, nor do we
expect to ever discover
their fates.

FADE IN on a landscape. It is mostly pastoral parkland. A cobbled road runs through the area right near our point of view. It is one of the landscapes that Johnston viewed in his search.

Caption

Xenocontinuum X102-n

Fred suddenly appears about fifteen feet in the air and falls to the ground. Luckily it is soft earth. He lies there for a few seconds but finally gets to his feet rubbing various parts of his body. He looks around at his surroundings.

Fred Ajers

Damnation!

He looks up into the sky for some sign of the bloop, but there is no trace. He shakes his head and starts making his way down the cobbled road. The terrain is exactly that of the city of Cambridge without buildings.

Cut to EXT. farther down the road. Fred is now drenched in sweat. He has obviously been walking for quite some time.

Cut to Shot looking down the road toward the horizon. In the distance there is a wagon heading his way. As it comes closer it becomes evident that the occupants of the wagon are not quite human. They are very large, around nine feet tall or thereabouts and covered in reddish brown hair. They are clearly men rather than beasts they are wearing clothing and carrying tools although the purpose of those tools are not instantly apparent. The wagon is drawn by four beasts that might be some sort of caribou but they have been bread to have very small antlers that grow close to their head and they are larger And more muscular. They are domestic beasts, not wild animals. Fred just stands there as the wagon approaches. It stops about fifty feet ahead of him. One of the huge men dismounts and strides toward him. Fred stands his ground attempting to show no

fear. It is a struggle for him. The huge man walks up to within five feet of him. Fred has to look way up to look at his face. The man’s features are odd, but not unrecognizable as human. He speaks to Fred.

Hairy Man

Unyumanay d’chaynoy yomantaynay.

Fred looks blankly at him for a moment.

Fred Ajers

Ahoy! I am Fredric Martin Ajers.

I would hope we could be friends.

Neither comprehends the other. The hairy man turns around and returns to the wagon. He briefly exchanges words with his wagon mates that can be heard only as mumbles. One of the others pulls out a Large wooden drum and beats out a loud rapid rhythm on it and then puts it away. All of the hairy men sit in the wagon, but do not move on. They are waiting for something. After a few seconds, Fred calls out to them.

Fred Ajers

Do you have any food? Do you
have any water?

He makes pantomime eating and drinking motions. One of the hairy men, a different one from the first one, dismounts and goes around the back of the wagon. He opens a barrel that is made from some sort of plastic and dips in a cup made of the same material. He brings it to Fred who drinks deeply and drains the cup although its capacity is about a quart. As he is finishing a plume of dust is seen on the road. It is rapidly moving toward them. It resolves quickly as a tiny man on a tiny motorcycle of a strange design. He pulls up next to the wagon. The man is only about three and a half feet tall and his skin is glossy black and he is completely bald. He is wearing a tunic and trousers of a brilliant blue. He makes sounds from his mouth, but they are unlike language as we understand it. The syllables sound like they have been filtered through a jaw harp and a xylophone. The hairy men answer him in their own incomprehensible tongue. The little man rides up to Fred and makes sounds at him, but Fred only shrugs. The little man raises both his hands and snaps his fingers. One of the hairy men dismounts and walks over

to Fred. He picks him up.

Fred Ajers

Oh my God! Put me down! Please!

Fred continues to struggle and protest, but the hairy man simply carries him back to the wagon. He is locked in a box on the wagon and one of the hairy men goads the caribou into motion. The little black man starts up the engine of his vehicle and zooms away. FADE OUT as he heads for the horizon.

FADE IN. Fred is chained to a number of other people. They seem to represent a couple of types of human. There are some of the large hairy ones and there are some who are closer to Fred’s size. They are either brown or red skinned and have large ears. They also have very shaggy calves. All of them are either totally nude or have only rags here and there to cover themselves. They are harvesting a crop of some sort of grain by cutting it down with sickles. Fred has a full beard.

Cut to EXT-night. It is a different view of the same farm. A search light suddenly starts sweeping around the Farm's fence. A man is running toward the camera. As he comes closer we can see that it is Fred. His hair is long and matted. His beard is now mostly gray. Years have passed and

he is attempting to escape. Behind him are terrifying creatures. They are some type of swine, the product of centuries of selective breeding to produce a domestic "attack pig." They are large and nasty. Fred reaches a tree and climbs up just in time to avoid being caught by the swine.

Cut to a long shot of a watch tower and then quickly to a closer view of a sentry in the tower. He is one of the little black men and he has a heavy rifle with a wide bore. He brings it to bear on Fred in the tree.

Cut to close up of Fred's face as he spots the sentry taking aim at him. His eyes get wider. Cut to a close up of the sentry's finger squeezing the trigger. Cut to a close up of Fred's face as it registers shock and pain. Cut to a long shot of the tree as Fred's body falls to the ground. The attack pigs converge on his body.

FADE OUT

FADE IN on an unfurnished office exactly like Johnston’s. The bloop with a large hole in it hangs in the air about three feet off the floor.

Caption

Xenocontinuum X12-B$^{2a}$

Audrey Allen gingerly steps out of a hole in space and into the empty version of Frank’s office. She turns around and calls out.

Audrey

Freddy! Look, I’m in another world! I had to feel it. I had to prove it was real!

From the other side, we hear Fred’s voice.

Fred Ajers

My God! Audrey, don’t move a muscle! Here, take my hand.

We see Fred through the hole coming toward her and then the image flickers out of existence. The bloop contracts in size rapidly and vanishes. Audrey stands in silence gawking at the piece of empty space formerly occupied by the bloop.

Audrey

I fucked up.

Cut to EXT. Building. It looks exactly the same as before. The only difference is that Fred Ajers and Frank Johnston have never been in this world. Audrey is somewhat disoriented. She walks to a pay phone and drops in a quarter and dials. We hear a remote ring and then a female voice answers.

Female Voice

Hello?

Audrey

Is Fred there?

Female Voice

No, hon, there’s no Fred here. You got the wrong number.

Audrey

Sorry.

She hangs up and dials again. We can hear the remote ring twice, then the phone picks up. It is Audrey’s voice on the other end.

Other Audrey

Hello?

Audrey hangs up the phone.

Cut To: A triple-decker in Somerville. Audrey is ringing a doorbell. After a few seconds the door opens. It is another Audrey. Her style is slightly different, but she is definitely the same woman. Her eyes go wide.

Audrey

I suppose that I have some explaining to do.

FADEOUT- Roll credits

The End

# Mister Meat

By Seth Kallen Deitch

**Fade in on a cheap wall bracket bookshelf**. The camera is slowly panning along from left to right revealing titles of various leather-bound or very plain paper bound tomes. Many of them show lettering on the bindings in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Syriac, Old Church Slavonic in Glagolytic lettering, Latin, Coptic, Ethiopian and a number of even more obscure languages. Some of the titles

are in English though. The Sacred Magic of Abrameilen the Mage, Zohar, Studies in Kabballah, Necronomicon of Abdul Al-Hazared, Legends of the Jews by Louis Ginzburgh, several Bibles in different translations, Al Quran, Arabian Nights, Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament (in two massive volumes) by R.H. Charles, The Nag

Hammadi Library, Transcription of the Qumran Manuscripts (in five large volumes), The Book of Enoch, The Book of Secrets of Enoch, Shah Nammah of Firdausi, Gods of the Egyptians (in four volumes) by Wallis Budge, Pirke Aboth, A Dictionary of Angels, The Dead Sea Scriptures by

Theodore H. Gaster, Old Testament Apocrypha by H.E.D. Sparks, The Forgotten Books of Eden and a host of other titles related to mysticism or advanced Judaica.

**Finally the camera pans away from the shelf simultaneously pulling back to reveal a couple of heavy metal posters pinned to a wall.** There is also a green college pennant that reads "KEEBLER" in gold lettering. Smoke curls up past them as the camera pulls back even farther to reveal a young man sitting on an unmade bed dressed in typical "Dead-head" gear, a tie-dyed T-shirt, patched jeans and a bandanna around his head. He has dreadlocked brown hair and a number of facial piercings. He is holding a small bong made from a soda can. Smoke is dribbling from it and from his mouth. He is *Marvin Mandel*. There are a number of text-books sitting on the bed. This is a college dorm room. Light streams in through a window. He lights a Bic lighter and sucks down a toke and holds for a few seconds and blows the smoke out of shot. Cut to a young man

sitting at a desk on the other side of the room. He is dark haired and conservatively dressed. He wears a tiny yarmulke that is held onto the crown of his head with a couple of bobby pins. He has small, round wire frame spectacles. He starts to cough as the smoke engulfs him and waves his hands to clear the air. He is *Howie Berg*.

**Howie** (between coughs)

Dammit Marvin, *must* you blow the smoke directly at me? I'm trying to study?

**Marvin**

You ought to inhale, Howie. It would help you loosen up!

**Medium close up on Howie.** His expression is intense.

**Howie**

Loosen up like you? So I never make it to half my

classes like you, you mean? Do you mean loose as in faking my way through exams or like living on candy bars and marijuana? Pollute my body, which is God's temple? I don't think so.

**Reverse on Marvin.**

**Marvin**

Shit, man. There's more to life than God, ya know.

**Reverse on Howie.**

**Howie** (rolls his eyes)

Actually there isn't. He made everything. He *is* everything. To understand God is to understand the world. To follow God's law is to truly take your place in his creation.

**Reverse on Marvin.**

Marvin takes another hit off the bong, but only holds the smoke briefly.

**Marvin**

You're obsessed, man, <u>and</u>, you're harshing my buzz.

A girl's scream is heard coming in through the window. Both students jump up and look out. As they reach the window, a hissing sound, like escaping steam, is heard and it is growing louder.

**Cut to a view over Howie and Marvin's shoulders into a grassy quadrangle where students have just ceased their comings and goings and have all stopped to watch a peculiar phenomenon.** From a small hole in the lawn is spewing flames and dense black smoke as well as thick black ash. By all appearance, a volcano has just opened in the middle of the quad and it's getting larger as the students gape in fear and wonder. **Upshot of Marvin and Howie leaning out the window, their faces illuminated by the flickering, smoky light.**

**Medium shot of the new volcano is now a cinder cone about four feet high spewing flame, smoke and ash even more energetically than before.** The hissing is even more intense now and the students have mostly backed farther away. Some have started to run away. Their expressions also reveal that there is a

horrible sulpherous stench.

A siren is heard getting closer and louder as the cinder cone grows rapidly. From above we see a fire engine pulls up onto the grass and several fire fighters in full gear dismount. Ash is raining out of the air like a gray snowstorm and smoke is now starting to obscure everything.

**Medium shot of one of the firemen who is catching a flake of ash on his finger**.

**Close up of him lifting the finger to his mouth and tasting the ash with the tip of his tongue.** He grimaces slightly and then rolls his eyes.

**Longshot of him waving at the rest of the fire crew and pointing at the hose on the truck.** The crew is shown quickly unpacking the hose.

**Close up of the hands of a firefighter connecting the hose to a hydrant .**

**Medium shot of a firefighter directing a stream of water into the crater of the now ten foot high volcano.**

**Cut to a medium shot of Howie and Marvin, now standing on the walk outside their dormitory observing what's happening.**

**Cut to a double close up of Howie and Marvin.**

**Howie**

Now this is an impressive display of foolishness. You can’t  put out a volcano with water!

**Marvin**

You Can't?

*Howie turns toward Marvin with an expression of disbelief.*

**Howie**

I thought you had a minor in geology?

**Marvin**

I guess I should go to class more often.

**Cut to a shot of water falling into the crater.** The flame and smoke is diminishing.

**A shot of the sidewalk shows rivulets of black water running down it then a major wash of black water.**

**A close up looking down on the rubber boots of a firefighter awash in ash filled water.** A burnt lump of something carried by the water washes down and

bumps against the boots we see a hand reach down and pick it up.

**Cut back to Howie and Marvin.**

**Marvin**

Looks like it's working.

**Howie** (showing dawning realization)

Those guys.

**Marvin**

What guys?

**Howie**

What guys do you think? Nick, Char and Sparmy.

**Marvin**

Oh yeah! They're so cool!

**Howie (**fiercely**)**

No they're not and they need to be taught a lesson.

**Close up of the firefighter who we saw tasting the ash examining the object he has just retrieved.**

The object is shown being deposited on the running

board of the fire engine. We can now see that it is a burnt device consisting of a battery with wires and alligator clips and a half melted digital clock all held together with charred silver duct tape. **Medium shot shows the firefighter (*Fireman #1*) examining the device with another firefighter (*Fireman #2*) looking on.**

**Fireman #2**

What is it?

**Fireman #1**

An incendiary device. A pretty simple one.

He points out various parts on the device.

**Fireman #1**

It's a six volt lantern battery, a cheap clock and a model rocket igniter. It was designed to set off a flammable substance at a particular time.

**Fireman#2**

What substance?

**Cut to medium shot of a living room where several young men are drinking beer from cans.**

One guy on the couch appears to be passed out. He is wearing dirty chinos and a green sweatshirt with the arms torn off. The word KEEBLER is emblazoned on the chest in yellow. Next to the passed out guy is another fellow who is wearing a satin smoking jacket with an ascot and is smoking a pipe. He would look terribly sophisticated if he were wearing pants, but in fact he is only wearing a pair of BVD briefs. He has dark hair and horn rimmed glasses. He is Donald Eaton Sunderland Parmenter III, better known as "Sparmy". His face is a mask of mischievous joy. On the other side of the passed out guy is a short beefy guy with a flat-top. He is wearing a pair of pajamas that are just a little small for him. They are printed with images of  cowboys and Indians all galloping on horseback. He has made a pyramid of empty beer cans on the coffee table in front of him and is just adding one to the stack. This is Charles Davis Allen, better known as "Char". Sitting in an easy chair next to the couch  is a skinny guy with shaggy blonde hair. He has a “Modern Primitive”

style tattoo on his upper arm, an encircling bracelet of Indonesian style curves. He wears jeans with bright red converse all-stars. He has a "Pep Boys" t-shirt that appears to have a long history of beer having been spilled on it. He is Nicholas Harris, better known as *Nick*.

Sparmy is in the midst of relating a story.

**Sparmy**

…Like a *bazillion* of those snake fireworks ground into a powder! It was about two hundred bucks worth of 'em!

Char folds in the middle laughing hysterically and blows some beer through his nostrils. He recovers pretty quickly.

**Char**

You are the Man!

**Nick** (also laughing)

You're gonna get caught this time. Someone'll remember you buying that many of those things.

**Sparmy**

Nuh-uh! Bought ‘em out of state in small bunches over the last two years. I was saving them for a special occasion.

(to the passed out guy)

Gimme another beer, will ya, Ricky?

**Char**

Ya better get it yourself. Our pledge has passed out.

Sparmy looks over at passed out Ricky with disgust. He reaches over and lifts one of his arms and releases it. The arm flops back down completely inert.

**Sparmy**

Well, alrighty then. I guess we had better get the web cam set up and find a bowl of warm water. We can take bets on the size of the stain he makes.

**Cut to an office. Day**. It is paneled in dark wood with quite a bit of built in Shelving and a number of dark wood filing cabinets. There is a framed diploma from Yeshiva University on the wall as well as a second one from Yale. At the desk sits a man in his early forties wearing a dark but stylish

suit. He had dark hair and a yarmulke that almost matches it in color. He is Rabbi David Gelman. In a chair across the desk sits Howie. His knees are together and his is sitting rigidly. His white shirt is buttoned straight up to the collar, but he wears no tie. He is the picture of general uptightness. Cut to tight on Rabbi Gelman.

**Rabbi Gelman**

So, Howard, how wonderful it is to have you visit! To what do I owe this great honor?

**Howie** (nervous)

I need advice, Rabbi Gelman. School is going, um… not so well.

**Rabbi Gelman**

Is this true? Your father tells me that you have landed on your feet after having to leave Yeshiva and that you are doing well in all of your classes.

**Howie**

My father doesn’t know everything.

**Rabbi Gelman**

What would you not tell your own father?

**Howie**

He was unhappy about my exploration of the great mysteries. I told him I would stop, but I have not.

**Rabbi Gelman** (visibly upset)

Listen to me, Howard. There are things that even the most experienced practitioners should not dabble in. At Yeshiva you crossed the line and used practices that are not intended by God for humans to use. Even the wisest of men have been humbled and suffered for their use. Do not let this be your fate. This is not the Middle Ages and you are not an alchemist.

**Howie** (intense)

But how will right triumph over wrong if we do not use the tools we have?

**Cut to frat house common room.** The same scene as before except the passed out guy now has a broad wet urine stain in the crotch of his pants. His

hand rests in a Tupperware bowl. Nick, Char and Sparmy are passing around polaroids and grinning. They put them down on the beat up coffee table and Nick speaks to the other two. His tone and manner mocks that of an executive addressing a board meeting.

**Nick**

Well gentlemen, Sparmy's volcano was a remarkable feat. I'm sure he's proud as we are of him. The Tradition must continue, gentlemen, we cannot rest on our laurels. Would someone like to state the rules?

Char raises his hand and Nick points to him. He rises somehow both regally and drunkenly at the same time.

**Char**

A prank must have rules and order and it *must* not be mundane. There will be *no* cow tipping, there will be *no* panty raids and there will be *no* freaking crop circles. Let us remember that we are artistes.

**Tight on Sparmy** as he raises his voice.

**Sparmy**

State the rules!

**Char**

Alright, alright! The works must be original, at least in execution if not in content. They must have high disruption potential and must not invite low budget copy-cats.

**Nick**

And who is in the Hall of Fame?

**Char**

Well, Mister Sparmy here is because of so many things.

Cut to shot of a private office in daytime. An attractive middle aged woman sits cross legged on the edge of a desk making bedroom eyes at a man who looks both professorial and nervous. A plaque on his desk identifies him as Dean of Students, John H. Craven. A student enters and snaps a photo. An old movie montage style newspaper bearing the photo spirals up into the shot. Its headline reads “Dean

denies improper liaison with state's first lady."

**V.O. Char**

Your series of erotic letters to the governor's wife supposedly from the dean had great panache but also almost resulted in your expulsion.

**Tight on Sparmy again**

**Sparmy**

Good thing I was able to blame it on that janitor Higgins. He'll be doing the ugliest things there are for a lot of years.

**Tight back on Char.**

**Char**

That volcano today was also, of course, praiseworthy. Nick and myself also deserve a place for having bungee jumped an automobile.

**Cut to a long shot in autumn on a bridge at night**.

Medium shot through car window. Nick and Char are in a car with Char on the passenger side and Nick at the wheel. Char has a short stylish goatee and for some reason is wearing a cowboy hat indicating

this is taking place at some time in the past.

**Nick**

Ready?

Char adjusts his hat and nods.

**Char**

Hit it!

**Close up on Nicks foot as he hits the gas pedal**.

Shot from inside the car as it zips toward a wooden ramp by the bridgerailing. Medium shot of the car hitting the ramp and flying off the side of the bridge trailing two hefty bungee cords.

**Long shot of the car falling from the bridge**.

**Double close up of Nick and Char screaming but with huge grins also**.

Suddenly both of them jerk forward.

**Long shot of the car bouncing and spinning at the end of the bungee cords.**

**Shot inside of the car, all is blurred by rapid motion.** The car comes slowly to a stop with the front end pointing downward at a steep angle. We see only Nick at the wheel, an expression of dizzy exhilaration on his face.

**Nick**

Damn! That was amazing! Wasn't it, man?

**He turns and the shot pulls back to reveal that Char is no longer in the passenger seat.** Panic crosses Nick's face.

**Nick**

Char!?! Char! Where are you?

**We hear a woozy voice from the back seat.**

**Char**

Sure, Mom, I'll have some more pancakes.

**Nick**

Holy shit! You weren't wearing your seat belt? We could get a ticket for that, ya know!

**Cut back to the frat house common room.** Char still has the floor.

**Char**

That would have gone perfectly if we had figured out ahead of time how to get out of the car afterward. As it was we were only twenty feet from the water and just jumped. Ruined my Palm Pilot and I lost my hat, but the cops didn’t catch us. Craven was surprised when the police told him where his car was.

**(He clears his throat.)**

I myself am currently working on a money making venture for the fraternity that I hope is also a worthy hoax.

**He takes a small mock bow.**

**Char**

I have been making appearances before lady's clubs and fraternal lodges as Sir Norvill Pettywell, rich British balloonist and Antarctic explorer with my slideshow about the "penguin men" I discovered and befriended there. It goes without saying that they are descendants of the ancient Atlanteans.

The other two erupt in peals of laughter followed quickly by Char in spite of his heroic attempts to keep a straight face. Char gets it together somewhat and carries on.

**Char**

I put it to you, gentlemen, how do we follow up these achievements? What new wonder shall we release upon this school?

**Cut to Nick standing across the room.** He whips open a closet in which there are various pieces of junk including broken pool cues, auto engine parts, a small Van De Graff generator, a soiled cheerleader uniform, a bald tire, numerous empty liquor bottles, a plunger style explosives detonator of the sort favored by Wyle E. Coyote, a pith helmet, an open box with a boxing glove on a spring limply hanging out of it, a number of model rockets, various fireworks, a set of lawn darts, a Catholic priest's outfit, a couple of sacks of quick setting cement, a tombstone,a plethora of ping-pong balls and a prepared lab skeleton hanging from a display rack wearing a blonde wig and a stuffed bra. **Zoom to skeleton**. Nick points to the skeleton.

**Nick**

We liberated this from the bio department end of last year and still haven't done a thing with it. Is it time to call on Mister Bones?

**Char**

To do what? Stick it in a closet or a bed? Done to death!

**Sparmy**

Death! Maybe fake a death!

**Nick** (rolling eyes)

Hell of an interesting death that leaves a prepared lab skeleton.

**Char**

About as interesting as I have ever heard of.

**Sparmy**

Wait a minute! Not "Mister Bones", "Mister Meat"!

**Nick** and **Char**

Eh?

**Sparmy**

"Mister Meat"! Let's cover him in meat so he looks like, and smells like a stiff!

**Close up on Char.**

**Char**

*That's* not the stupidest idea I have ever heard! We could have a bit of fun with that, I reckon.

**Reverse on Sparmy.**

**Sparmy**

It wouldn't fool the cops for a second, but it would make students and administrators jump!

**Cut to shot of  Nick negotiating with a butcher in his shop waiving a fist full of bills.**
**Cut to shot of all three guys loading parcel after parcel wrapped in butcher paper into the trunk of a car.**
**Cut to interior hallway.** Nick and char are seen from the front dressed as kitchen staffers in white with paper hats with aprons. They are pushing a shopping cart filled with the butcher paper packages and a large black plastic garbage bag toward the camera which swings around them as they

pass and covers them from behind as they continue down the hall and disappear around a corner.

**Cut to a shot of the two of them from behind rolling up to a heavy steel door of a large walk-in refrigerator.**

**Nick**

This one only gets used around graduation or alumni events. It's probably mostly empty and no one checks it for weeks at a time. We only need a couple of days.

**Char** (doing Curley)

Poifect! Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk.

**Cut to shot from inside walk that shows the door opening and the light coming on**. There are metal shelves on opposite walls that are mostly empty. There is a lonely looking open gallon sized can of stuffed olives sitting in the corner of a middle shelf and some very old looking tomato slices scattered on the floor. A single, un-shaded 40 watt light bulb is in the ceiling. The guys wheel in

the cart and start throwing the various packages on the shelves. A few quick close ups show pairs of hands placing packages here and there. The large black bag is placed gently on the floor. Nick pulls out a cell-phone and punches numbers.

**Nick**

Sparmy? We're in.

**Cut to shot within the refrigerator where there are now two card tables duct-taped together and covered with a transparent plastic shower curtain.** There are now a few clip on shop's lamps clipped to the upper shelves so the lighting inside is much brighter. Sparmy is now there and is opening the black garbage bag. **A close up of the inside shows that it contains the partially dismantled skeleton.**

**Sparmy is shown in a shot from the front of the refrigerator placing sections of the skeleton on the card table while the other two set to arranging them in the proper order.**
**A number of quick close ups show hands unwrapping various packages that contain large cuts of meat**

**beef and pork, various organs including lungs, brains, eyes, livers and many yards of intestine as well as a heart and numerous unidentifiable glands.** There are also a few bones. There are also large pieces of skin.

**There are several shots of meat being trimmed to various sizes and shapes by hands with kitchen knives.** A shot of the card tables shows the guys using a staple gun to affix strips of meat to various parts of the skeleton in a vague simulation of human musculature. At this point the skeleton is still mostly bare with only meat on the lower calf bones and some around the shoulders.

**Cut to view upward from the table with the faces of all three looking downward.**

**Sparmy**

He's gonna be kind of short.

**Nick**

The skeleton is kind of short. I think it was an Indian or a woman or

something.

**Char**

I can fix that.

Char reaches out of frame and his hand comes back holding a section of pig vertebrae with some meat still clinging to it.

**Char**

This will add a few inches.

**Sparmy** (grimaces)

That'll throw his proportions all out of whack.

**Char** (looks him in the eye)

Who gives a fuck?

**Sparmy**

Good point.

**Shot from above the table.** The skeleton now has meat attached to most parts of it and the guys are sewing more meat on top of it with heavy thread. **A close shot shows Nick sewing together sort of a glove made of pigskin.** He turns it inside out and fills it with little bits of meat and fat.

**Close up of hands pulling gore and fat filled hand**

**over skeleton hand.** The rest of the arm is finished and has a covering of pink pig skin crudely sewn over it. Fat and gore squishes out of the wrist opening as the hand is pulled on and the excess is scraped away with a butter knife. Another pair of hands enters the frame and starts to sew the hand to the wrist with heavy thread.

**A shot of Sparmy cutting eye and mouth holes in a piece of skin with a scissors and holding it up to Char's face for measurement.** Char can be seen crossing his eyes and sticking out his tongue through the holes. Sparmy lays it on the skull which has had some fat and other unidentifiable gore putty knifed into various crevices, snips off excess skin from folds and starts sewing it into more or less the shape of a face.

**A close up of the side of the head showing a pig's ear vaguely trimmed into the shape of a human's being sewn to it**. The face is more complete now with a nose reshaped from the snout of a pig now sewn in place. The edges of the skin around the mouth have been sewn back to approximate lips.

**A close up shows two pig's eyes being popped into**

**the skin hole over the eye sockets.** They point in different directions and they don't fit the sockets too well.

**Cut to shot from skeleton's point of view upward at all three guys.**

**Char**

Why did you make his unit so big?

**Nick**

He isn't going to get by on looks, and besides, he <u>is</u> Mister Meat!

**Char**

Good point.

**A shot from the front of the refrigerator shows the almost complete meat puppet with the head pointing toward the camera now lies on the table with the belly wide open with huge flaps of randomly sewn skin peeled back.** The guys are tossing various organ meats into the open visceral cavity. No attempt is being made to place them in a particular position or sew them in place. A few plastic containers of blood are also dumped in. Fadeout as

Nick starts sewing up the belly.

**Fade in on the inside of the refrigerator.** The table has been removed and "Mr. Meat" now sits awkwardly on a folding chair toward the back. He is wearing a soiled pair of running shoes, a too small "Pokemon" t-shirt and a wrinkled pair of brown slacks that have been cuffed up. His belly protrudes from under the t-shirt. A ratty looking woman's wig has been stuck on his head, which Char is attempting to trim into a shorter men's fashion. He is doing a less-than-professional job and cursing to himself as he works.

**Dissolve to a shot of Mr. Meat seen from the doorway of the refrigerator sitting in the chair.** One arm is in his lap while the other dangles limply. His head is held up by a large kitchen knife with the blade duct taped to the back of the chair with the handle acting as a headrest. The features of his face are asymmetrical and there are sewn seams running every which way all over it. His nose is too short and too high on the face and his lips are too short on one side and too long on the other, too full on the top and too thin on the

bottom. His chin has a large amount of loose skin hanging from it forming an absurd dewlap. The wig has been trimmed into sort of a slanty flat-top that is long in the back like a misshapen mullet. He resembles a very ineptly fabricated Frankenstein's monster, more pathetic than frightening. We don't see Nick and Char, we only hear them speak.

**Nick**

He's so beautiful.

**Char**

A real Adonis.

**The light goes out and the door closes leaving the scene black.**

**Fade in on the door of the refrigerator.**

**Cut to: The dining commons.** A large, well appointed cafeteria style student dining area. The room is brightly lit by fluorescent lamps and the walls and linoleum tiles are done in green and gold, the Keebler school colors. The effect is tasteless and garish, but no one seems to notice. They are all used to it. There are a couple of banners against a

far wall, barely visible in the frame that read “Go Elves!”.

**Cut to a table where four girls are sitting**. They are happily engaged in gossip. Three of the girls are neither attractive nor unattractive. To most guys they would be pretty invisible. They are Tara, Andrea and Whitney. One of them, Whitney, has an eyebrow piercing making her the most distinctive of the trio. The fourth is a raven-haired beauty and from her general posture and attitude, we know that she knows she’s hot stuff. Her name is Jane.

**Tara**

So Jane, is that “Sparmy” guy still following you around like a puppy?

*Jane says nothing but curls her lip in Tara’s direction, disgusted by the very notion.*

**Andrea**

God! He is so obvious! I think he has been doing all those stupid things just to get your attention.

**Whitney**

He keeps asking us stuff about you, you know. I went out with his friend Nick once. He was nice enough, took me to a club, but he's not a great dancer or anything. He keeps trying to get me to go out with him again.

**Jane**

Why don't you want to go?

**Whitney**

He doesn't really know his way around that well, if you know what I mean. Down there.

**Tara**

You had sex with him?

**Whitney**

It was only *oral* sex.

Tara smiles, but Jane is clearly appalled.

**Jane**

Good god, you know he told all his friends about it. He probably wrote about it on the net.

**Andrea**

Like Sparmy did about you?

**Jane** (grimaces)

I could have sued him if he had only mentioned my name.

*Whitney waves her hands to interrupt.*

**Whitney**

I didn’t finish about Nick. He has been telling me stuff to get me to go out with him again. Ya’know, stuff about pranks they have planned. He told me about that volcano a day before it happened, but I didn’t believe him.

**Jane**

So what?

**Whitney**

So he told me what’s next too. He says they’re making some kind of fake dead guy out of meat and leave it someplace over spring break to get nice and ripe.

| **Jane** | **Tara** | **Andrea** |
|---|---|---|
| Yuck!! | Ew! | Gross! |

The girls display strong distaste.

**Single on Whitney.**

**Whitney** (makes quotation signs in the air)

He says it's their masterpiece.

**Cut to a medium shot of the serving area.** Sparmy has just filled up his tray and is walking toward the girls. His face lights up when he sees Jane. He heads over to the table. He looks at Jane, while completely ignoring the others.

**Sparmy**

Hi Jane! Hey, I was wondeing if you might like to go to….

*Jane is already standing up. She places herself nose to nose with Sparmy.*

**Jane**

You are one *sick* little monkey!

**Sparmy** (continuing)

…the swim meet with me.

(a beat)

Did I do something

wrong? I know we have this kind of sexually charged adversarial kind of thing going on, is this part of that?

**Jane**

We don’t have anything “going on”! Do you think that they won’t know you did it?

**Sparmy**

Did what?

**Jane**

You know what! The meat man.

**Sparmy**

Oh God. What skank has Nick been blabbing to now?

Whitney shoots out of her chair.

**Whitney**

Skank!?

Sparmy spares her a quick glance.

**Sparmy**

I guess that answers that. Are you the sloppy blowjob or the titty fuck? Doesn't matter, I guess, he said they were both second rate.

**Whitney** (outraged)
That prick! And you're another one!

The confrontation continues with various improvised insults. **The camera pans off of the table with the girls and Sparmy to another one two tables down where *Howie* sits.** His back is to them but he is eavesdropping. His teeth are set in anger.

**Howie** (under his breath)
They must pay!

**Cut to the door of the walk in refrigerator.** The area is shrouded in shadows.
**Close up.** A hand reaches for the door handle.
**Pull back.** Someone is seen in silhouette quickly and quietly entering the refrigerator.
**The frame is black.** Suddenly there is a click and the inside of the refrigerator is shown illuminated with light. Howie is standing there with his hand on the light switch. In his other hand is a

briefcase. He is wearing a jacket and wool gloves with the fingers snipped off.

**A quick reverse shot shows Mr. Meat sitting in the chair on the opposite side of the refrigerator. Reverse on Howie.** There is a look of genuine disgust, dismay, distaste and about any other "dis" you can think of on his face.

**Howie** (shaking his head)

Mocking the handiwork of God…

Howie places the briefcase on one of the refrigerator shelves.

Close up of the briefcase as Howie unlatches it and opens it to reveal a bible in Hebrew, a set of Tefillin, a small wooden box, several candles and a book titled, The Alchemical Notebooks of Judah Lowe.

He removes and lights several candles and places them at points in the refrigerator that he determines by consulting a compass lighting each one in turn and uttering something under his breath in the Sumerian language. He then recites a prayer in Hebrew as he straps the tefillin to his arm and forehead. He then picks up the Alchemical Notebook

and the wooden box and approaches Mr. Meat.

**Shot over his shoulder as he opens the book to a page he has marked with a length of yellow ribbon.**

The page he opens to reads as follows:

"This is to be the correct method of bringing the breath of life to the

golem He is to be marked with the name of the celestial being who is to be its surrogate life force The archangel Uriel or the Archangels Raphael or the Metatron have all been successfully used and indeed, if the practitioner is a truly advanced master, the most powerful results can be obtained simply by inscribing **teme** but this must not be done by a novice, apprentice or even practitioner with less than 40 years of advanced practice behind them."

He begins reciting in an unknown language that is liberally peppered with gutturals and glottal stops. As he does so he opens the wooden box to reveal a small white stone sitting on a tuft of cotton. He picks up the stone and raises it to the forehead of Mister Meat.

**Close up on the face of Mister Meat as Howie draws**

**a line on Mister Meat's forehead with the stone.** The skin parts beneath it although the stone has only lightly touched it.

**Reverse on Howie's intent face as he continues to chant.**

**Reverse on Mister Meat's face as Howie withdraws the stone.** Now we can see that the letters teme have been carved into its forehead. Howie pronounces the word.

**Howie**

EMET.

In a few places the stone has cut all the way through and the white bone beneath has been exposed. He opens another book that is simply a stapled stack of photocopies of pages in yet another unknown language. Some viewers will recognize it as a copy of the "Voynich Manuscript". He chants again and a strange glow seems to permeate the air inside the refrigerator. There is a mist that rapidly forms and unforms into and from

suggestions of unearthly faces and beings. The multitude of images rush together into a brilliant ball of light that swirls and then dives into the inscription on Mister Meat's forehead.

**Reverse on Howie who shields his eyes with his arms as the shot fills with brilliant pink and blue light.**

**Cut to outside the door of the refrigerator.**

The refrigerator is shaking violently and brilliant light is flooding out all around the door seal. The door bursts open and the entire frame washes out in light. There is the sound of a chorus of a thousand voices as well as that of shredding metal.

**Cut to a view from inside the refrigerator low angle near the door.** The door of the refrigerator has been blown against the far wall and has knocked over a large amount of kitchen supplies. The floor is littered with silverware. A foot shod in a dirty old sneaker enters the frame and plants itself on the floor. In silhouette we see a strangely proportioned figure shambling stiffly down the hall away from the camera. The frame is askew to the

floor.

**Cut to Howie sitting on the floor of the refrigerator beside the now empty chair.**

**Howie** (quietly)

This will teach them. This will show them the consequence of mocking God! Go! Show them! Show them what it means to insult the architect of the universe!

Howie starts to get to his feet and starts to chuckle to himself which evolves into full blown laughter and ultimately a maniacal cackle as we cut to:

**Int: night.** The frat house, specifically Char's bedroom. A shaft of moonlight enters through the window laying a bright strip across the bed.

**Close on Char's sleeping face.** Suddenly his eyes pop open to suggest that he might have heard some thing, but no:

**Char** **(mumbling)**

I gotta piss.

He throws back the sheets and stands up. He is wearing pajamas with Star Wars characters printed on them. Where does he find these things in large adult sizes? He half consciously makes his way to the door. On the way he bangs his foot on a chair.

**Char**

Shit on toast!

**Cut to hallway where we see him from behind limping to the john.** He is leaving little spots of blood from his stubbed toe on the hallway floor as he goes.

**Cut to the bathroom as char enters.** He throws his foot up on the sink, putting him in a precarious posture, and starts running water on it. He stumbles and falls out of frame.

**Close on Chars face.** He grimaces, now in even more pain as he rubs the back of his head which he has just struck on the edge of the shower stall. He looks up and his eyes go wide.

**Reverse shot shows Mister Meat from a low angle**

**standing against the wall.** The meat man is absolutely still. Standing up, the hideous thing also looks somewhat comical due to the fact that all of the loose organs inside of it have slid downward giving it a huge pot belly that protrudes from beneath the t-shirt. Bits of them can be seen peeking between the stitches that hold its abdomen together. Reverse on Char as he starts to get to his feet. He starts to smile.

**Char** (nervous chuckle)

Pretty funny guys, ya got me.

Char sniffs the air.

**Char**

Man, didn't take long for you to start stinking!

Mister Meat takes a single lurching step forward. Close on Char's face. His eyes bug out and he lets out with a high pitched scream. Close up on Char's crotch as a wet stain instantly spreads across his PJs. Cut to hallway where char is seen from behind running as fast as his legs will carry him when a door suddenly open directly in his path and he hits

it with his full weight. He slides down the door like Wyle E. Coyote off of a painted tunnel entrance. Nick sticks his head out from behind the door. His eyes are little squinty slots and his hair is all flat on one side.

**Nick**

What the fuck is wrong with you?

**Cut to Char lying on the floor.** He now has a bloody nose. He starts to cry. It is a pathetic sight.

**Char**

Mister Meat! He's gonna kill me!

**Cut back to Nick**.

**Nick**

Well, isn't this a pretty sight! My God! Did you piss yourself? What the hell happened?

**Char**

Fuck you man! He's alive!

**Nick**

Aw, you're nuts! You just had a nightmare. Jesus Christ! You stink! Go take a shower!

Char’s eyes bug out in even greater alarm at the suggestion that he return to the bathroom. He bounces to his feet and dashes down the hall. He rounds a corner and he hear him half running-half falling down the stairs. A second later we hear the front door slam. Other doors along the hallway open and various of the frat brothers emerge wearing boxer shorts, briefs or what have you. It’s late and everyone was asleep. All are complaining of Being roused at this hour. There are about a dozen of them.

**Frat brother #1**

Wassup with him?

**Nick**

Thinks he saw the boogie-man.

**Frat Brother #2**

Well, I’m up now. Who wants a beer?

As of a mind, the guys signal general assent and agreement that a beer is a fine idea.

**Cut to the common room seen earlier**. The same guy

who was passed out in the earlier scene is there again and passed out again only this time he has passed out in an easy chair watching TV. A quick

shot of the TV screen shows an infomercial for a breast enhancement product of some sort. At the moment there is a before and after shot on the screen showing the before as a very flat-chested girl in a sweat shirt and the after as a girl with improbably large hooters in a tiny string bikini. They are obviously not even the same woman. The words “Guaranteed Results, We swear to Jesus!” are displayed in boldface across the screen.
Cut to a wide shot of the room seen across the green felt of a billiards table. The guys are breaking up a couple of six-packs and passing them around when there is a sound. One of the guys looks up toward the camera. His face register’s surprise. Without taking his eyes off the camera, he nudges the guy next to him who also looks up and repeats the action. In about two seconds, all are staring transfixed at the camera. Reverse shot. Mister Meat stands opposite the frat brothers. His sightless eyes point in different directions,

neither one looking directly at them. The letters carved on his forehead glow with a strange pink light.

**Sparmy** (from off camera)

Aw crap!

Mister meat steps forward and places his hands on the pool table and picks it up as if it were made of packing foam. He tosses it aside.

**Cut to a shot of the far wall.** The table crashes into it and punches its way halfway trough. The legs snap off and a cloud of plaster dust shoots out of the hole.

**Reverse shot of the brothers who stand still staring for an instant and then, as if of a single mind, make a break for the door.** All twelve of them attempt to pass through at the same moment, but are slowed down only slightly by the effort. In a second they have cleared the room.

**Cut to a shot of the front of the house.** It is a quiet nighttime scene. An orange tabby cat is sleeping on the doormat. The front door bursts open

and the brothers poor out and scatter each one making some sort of inarticulate sound. The cat scrambles up a nearby tree and hisses after the fleeing guys. Nick and Sparmy are running directly toward the camera. They both wear expressions of wide eyed, disbelieving horror. Nick is still clutching a beer. Cut to shot of the two running side by side. Sparmy is babbling breathlessly.

**Sparmy**

No way...no way...no fucking way...uh-uh...no way.....

Nick punches him in the shoulder with the hand that he's holding the beer in. Beer splashes both of them and he tosses it away and punches his shoulder again.

**Nick**

Will ya shut up!

**Sparmy**

He can't walk around, he's just a big pot roast!

**Nick**

This was your big idea! How the hell did you do that?

**Sparmy** (appalled)

Me! Do you think I'm Doctor fucking Frankenstein? I didn't do this! This isn't natural!

**Nick**

Duh! Ya think?!?

**Cut to: interior of a library**. Late at night but there are a handful of frazzled looking students at tables here and there studying. The library is on the ground floor and there are large sliding glass doors to the outside on one side of the room. **The camera is panning slowly from table to table where students are all looking up in annoyance.** There is the slightly crazy muttering of one person punctuated by fits of insane cackling coming from off camera. The camera finally come to rest on a table where Howie sits behind a pile of musty tomes, From their spines we can see that they are mostly in Arabic. He is muttering alternately in Yiddish, Czech, Hebrew, Arabic and some oriental language as he pages through an especially large volume laughing crazily every few seconds.

**Cut to the face of the night librarian who has an**

**expression of failing patience.** She is an uptight looking middle-aged black woman. She looks like she is unlikely to stand for a lot of nonsense. She is tapping a pen on her desk in agitation. Finally she gets up and walks up to the table Howie is sitting at. And glares at him.

**Librarian**

How many times have I asked you to quiet down?

Howie looks up at her and grins. There is definitely a touch of insanity in his eye. He looks back down and starts giggling. The librarian's presence is the height of irrelevance to him. She raps on the table with her knuckles.

**Librarian**

Hey! I'm talking to you! Have you been taking any drugs tonight? I'll call the campus police if you don't behave.

**Howie** (softly)

I'm not the one who needs to behave.

Suddenly a girl squeaks from out of frame.

**Cut to a table where a girl sits.** She is pointing.

**Girl**

Oh God! There's this really <u>sick</u> looking bum outside.

**Quickly pan over to the glass door.** Mister Meat stands outside.

**Cut to close up of Howie.** His face is a mask of ecstatic bliss.

**Howie**

My soldier! My champion! The living hand of God's judgment! He Returns!

Long shot with Howie's table at the center. Everyone is looking at him now. Howie gets up and takes a step toward the door

**Howie**

Come to me! It is I! I who called you into God's service!

Mister Meat steps through the glass door as if it wasn't there. Glass shatters and falls to the

floor. Mister Meat's clothing is slashed in several places. There are also slashes on its skin, but of course they don't bleed, in fact, there is an actinic blue glow at the cut edges of the skin that joins the cut edges back together. Students nearest the door shield their faces from flying glass. Close up of Mister Meat's face. A tiny spot of brilliant blue light is making its way along a slash in the skin on its face closing it like a zipper. Mister Meat walks across the library to where Howie is standing. Howie reaches out and

strokes the cheek of the monster as if he were a beloved pet. A girl nearby looks as if she's about to vomit at the sight.

**Howie**

My friend… My one-man army of retribution…

The librarian also looks as if she is going to be ill, but she quickly turns around and returns to her desk.

**Shot of the librarian as she picks up the phone on her desk.**

**Close up of her hand dialing 911.**

**Close up of her face as she looks up to find Mister**

**Meat's face inches from her own.**

**Close up of Howie's face.**

**Howie** (calmly)

Stop her.

Double on Mister Meat and the librarian. Mister meat backhands the librarian in the face. A sickly snapping sound is heard and she goes down like a rag doll. A girl screams and Howie turns quickly toward her making a "shushing" gesture. The girl clams up instantly.

A female voice is heard from the phone receiver.

**Voice**

Hello? Hello? Do you need assistance?

Howie picks up the receiver off the floor and gently places it in the cradle.

**Howie**

Shit! Not much time to work with now.

*He looks up at Mister Meat.*

Go! Find them! Destroy them!

Mister Meat turns and strides out through the broken glass door.

**Fade out.**

**Fade in on a view of Char who is making his way along a residential street as seen from the inside of an approaching police cruiser.** He has somehow lost the top of his pajamas so his soul garment are the urine-stained bottoms.

**Reverse on the faces of two cops**. Petty and Johnson.

**Petty**

Isn’t that Char Allen?

**Johnson**

I do believe it is. What stupidity do you suppose he’s up to now?

**Petty**

One way to find out.

The cop car pulls over stopping directly in front of Char. Char dashes over to the driver side window.

**Char**

Thank God! I've been looking for you guys!

**Johnson**

Since when are you looking for us?

**Petty**

Can't you use a telephone?

**Char**

I wasn't near one. Look, ya gotta help me. There's a monster and…

**Johnson**

Monster?

Johnson looks over at Petty and rolls his eyes.

**Johnson**

Stop right there Charlie.

**Char**

Most people call me Char.

**Johnson**

Well, I call you a troublemaker.

Johnson and Petty both get out of the car. Petty gently turns Char around toward the hood of the cruiser.

**Petty**

You wanna put your hands on the car, please?

Petty sniffs.

Jesus! You smell like piss! What have you been up to?

Johnson comes up beside Char while Petty is busy discovering that Char has no pockets in his pajama bottoms.

**Johnson**

Have you been drinking tonight, Charlie?

**Char**

Of course I've been drinking to night, but that's not what this is about!

**Johnson**

Maybe not. But it is about you deciding to get some exercise for the first time in your life half dressed at two in the morning!

**Char**

I told you. There’s a monster! Mister Meat! Mister Meat! People have to be warned!

Johnson whips Char around to face him. He is clearly not in the mood for drunk frat boy shenanigans.

**Johnson**

How stupid do you think I am? How many times do I have to haul your lame ass in before you get it? There are real crimes out there that we have to deal with, and you and your brain-dead friends waste our time with your idiotic crap.

**Char**

Look, I was just…

**Johnson**

You weren’t “just” anything except “just” going to jail for public intoxication.

Char’s expression brightens somewhat.

**Char**

Jail? Yeah. That’s a great idea! It can’t get me in

a cell! Yeah! Let’s go!

**Close up of Johnson.** He is brought up short. He studies Char’s face which now has a relaxed smile. **Cut to Char being led to the lock-up at the police station.** He is led in by Petty and seated on the cot. Petty walks out and locks the bared door. Char gets up and walks the perimeter of the cell pounding the cinderblock walls with his fist and trying to rattle the bars of the door. His face reveals satisfaction.

**Char**

Is this the best you can do? You don’t have anything stronger, do you? Where to you put someone when you throw them in “the hole”?

**Petty**

The hole? This is a small town police lock up, not Alcatraz.

Char shrugs.

**Char** (sighs)

I guess it'll have to do.

**Petty**

I'm glad it meets your standards. It ought to hold <u>you</u> just fine, Houdini.

**Char**

I'm not worried about it keeping me in.

I'm just hoping it will keep <u>it</u> out.

Cut to the police cruiser pulling up to a donut shop. The front of the place is all glass and we can see that there are three patrons in the place as well as the one counter man. Petty and Johnston are in the car. Cut to interior of the cruiser.

**Petty**

It's just weird, I tell ya. Th'guy didn't seem to even care that he was under arrest. He was just happy to be locked up good and tight. Couldn't lock

'em up tight enough for his taste in fact.

**Johnson**

Ecstasy. It's that ecstasy stuff. Kids say and do the damndest things when their taking it. You saw, he didn't care that he had wet his pants. He didn't care that he was in his pajamas on the street and he didn't even care that he was in jail. High as a kite.

**Cut to donut shop counter POV of Petty and Johnson entering the shop.** Johnson calls out to the counterman as they enter.

**Johnson**

Set us up, Nate. One black, one light and sweet and a couple of glazed.

**Counterman**

Got ya covered, Dick. (nodding toward petty) How's things, Bill?

**Petty**

No complaints ‘cept about bein’ awake.

**Counterman**

I hear ya there.

The cops sit at the counter and Nate puts cups in front of them and then the donuts on small plates. Close up of one of the donuts. It is resting on a paper doily. A hand enters the shot and lifts up the donut and whips out the doily. Cut to Johnson crumpling up the doily and tossing it into a trash can on the other side of the counter.

**Johnson**

Aw, c’mon, Nate. You know I hate these stupid lacy things.

**Counterman**

It’s not a stupid lacey thing, It’s a doily. I think they give the place a touch of class.

**Johnson**

I think they give the place a touch of fruitiness!

Tell me, buddy, are you an interior decorator on the side?

**Petty**

Don’t mind him, Nate. He’s just afraid he might get to liking it.

At this moment Johnson becomes aware of a conversation being had by the three customers at the other end of the counter. They are college students. One of them is one of the frat brothers and he’s talking excitedly to the other two, a guy and a girl.

**Frat Brother (Ronny)**

You should have seen how it just tossed the pool table right through the wall! That’s when we all decided to run for it.

**Three shot of  Ronny, the guy and the girl.**

**Guy**

You’re full of shit! He was made out of meat?

**Girl**

How can something made out of meat be alive?

**Ronny**

You're made out of meat and you're alive. He's kind of like a Frankenstein, I guess.

**Guy**

You're full of shit! Nobody can make a Frankenstein, especially you guys.

Suddenly Johnson is behind Ronny. He places a hand on his shoulder.

**Johnson**

Hey pal, what's your name?

Ronny jumps and turns around. He relaxes when he sees it's only a cop.

**Ronny**

Damn! Don't sneak up on me like that. (subsides a little) I'm Ronny Walters. What can I do for you Officer?

**Johnson**

Do you know Charles David Allen?

**Ronny**

Is Char o.k.?

**Johnson**

He’s fine, but he’s not making a lot of sense.

Petty has joined them. He’s still holding his coffee.

**Petty**

He was telling a story about a meat man.

**Ronny**

That’s right! Mister Meat! He’s alive! (turning toward the guy and the girl) See? I told ya!

**Guy**

He’s full of shit, officer. These guys are always pulling stupid stunts.

**Petty**

Again with the meat man.

**Ronny**

Char and Nick and Sparmy Made it!

**Johnson**

Nick and Sparmy. That would be Nicholas Harris and Donald Eaton Sunderland Parmenter?

**Ronny**

The third

**Johnson**

What?

**Ronny**

Donald Eaton Sunderland Parmenter the third.

*Johnson rolls his eyes.*

**Johnson**

Whatever. I might have known those idiots were involved in this.

**Petty**

Maybe we ought to go round them up.

**Johnson**

I want to check out the house first. Ronny, could you come back to the house with us and show us the damage?

**Ronny**

Only if he’s not there!

**Johnson**

We won’t let anyone near you. Come on.

Johnson takes Ronny’s elbow and leads him toward the door.

**Ronny**

I haven’t paid for my coffee.

**Johnson**

Don’t worry about it.

Petty looks at Nate and points at Ronny.

**Petty**

This kid’s with us.

They head for the door. The guy calls after them.

**Guy**

He’s making a fool of you!

He turns to the girl.

**Guy**

He's so full of shit.

**Cut to:** The common room of the fraternity house. Ronny, Petty and Johnson are standing there looking at a pool table buried halfway into the wall. There is dust all over everything in the room.

**Johnson**

I don't think the whole lot of you could have done this if you picked it up and ran with it! What the hell?

**Ronny**

Mister Meat did it. He tossed it like it was a bag of potato chips.

The radio on Petty's belt makes a squawking noise. Then a female voice comes through.

**Voice on radio**

Attention unit two. 604  242 Keebler main library. Ambulance on the way to the scene.

Petty and Johnson both look concerned.

**Petty**

Time to go!

**Ronny**

What's going on?

**Johnson**

Nothing good!

The cops dash out leaving Ronny standing alone in the common room.

**Ronny** (to himself)

Thanks for the protection, officers!

**Cut to:** Char in his cell. It's dark with moonlight slanting in through a barred window. The scene recalls the one earlier in Char's bedroom. This time a cut to a close up of his face reveals that his eyes are already open. There is no chance that he is getting to sleep tonight. There is a sound outside and a shadow quickly crosses his face. Cut to a view of the whole cell. Char sits up, totally alert now. He gets out of bed. His posture suggests a wound spring. His stance reflects better physical conditioning than his beer belly would suggest. He may be on the heavy side,

but his body has supplied him with  a mega dose of adrenaline. There is a distant crash. The front door of the police station has been thrown open. The slightly muffled voice of the desk sergeant is heard.

**Desk sergeant**

Holy shit! Get away from me!

There are shots fired. He screams loudly and horribly, first in fear, then in pain, then in truly horrible pain. The scream is cut short as we hear a wet tearing sound followed by a couple of wet thuds. There are sounds of furniture being tossed about some of it hits and rattles the wall of the room the cells are in. The door flies open banging against the wall. The upper hinge gives way and it hangs from the frame at an angle. Mister Meat enters. There are halos of blue light around several bullet holes in its chest.  In the light on the other side of the door, a wide puddle of blood can be seen. As Mister meat comes into the room, we can see he is leaving bloody foot prints, red where

they are in the light, merely dark in the moonlit lock up. Cut to Char. He is terrified but also somewhat emboldened by the fact that he believes the cell protects him.

**Char**

So…you found me. Well, good luck getting to me! These bars are solid steel.

Cut to close up of Mister Meat. Its face reveals no expression whatsoever. The two eyes are pointed in different directions, neither one toward Char. Its face, harshly lit by the silver moonlight with deep shadows, has a set, lopsided, mirthless grin. Cut to a full body shot of Mister Meat as it takes two steps forward and lays its hands on the bars.

**Char**

That's right, ugly, <u>solid steel</u>.

Its hands close around the bars and it quickly pulls the door off the cell with absolutely no visible effort. There is the quickest of snapping grinding sounds as it pulls the door free and a loud crash as it tosses it aside. Cut back to Char.

He has completely freaked. He is screaming and attempting to climb the cinderblock walls of the cell.

**Char**

Oh God...Oh Jesus...Oh Mom!

Mister Meat comes up behind Char as he is attempting to will himself to pass through the wall and picks him up. He holds Char upside-down as he kicks and wails.

**Close up on Chars upside-down face.** Something catches his attention. The camera follows his gaze over to a piece of thread dangling from Mister Meat's protruding belly. Char leans forward and grabs the thread with his teeth and pulls hard.

**Close on the stitching on Mister Meat's belly.** The lower few stitches part with some difficulty and then the rest go in a chain reaction. A flood of organ meats and blood

bursts directly toward the camera.

**Cut to side view of Char being hit directly in the face by the flood of innards.** Mister Meat

drops him on the floor directly into the pile of spilled guts.

**Shot of the whole cell.** Mister Meat takes two steps backward. His balance was thrown off by the sudden shift of weight. As Char flails in the pile sausage makings , Mister Meat stands still. He seems to be none the worse for the loss of his entire viscera. It’s not that surprising seeing as they were just dumped inside of him haphazardly in the first place. Char is attempting to get up so he can run away, but he keeps slipping and falling in the gory mess. He looks up and surprise registers on his face.

**Reverse on Mister Meat.** Mister Meat is simply standing there. Ragged skin is hanging loosely from underneath his t-shirt. Mister Meat turns and strides out of the cell and through the door leaving a trail of blood footprints. Char is left there on his knees shaking in fear and relief. His blood soaked pajama bottoms are now clinging to his skin. Slowly he attempts to get to his feet, but he is brought up short.

**Close up of Char’s legs and knees in the pile of**

**gore.** There are loops of intestine wrapped around his calves.

**Close on Char's face.** He gives a short nervous laugh and reaches down to untangle the guts from his legs.

**Close up on his legs again as his hands reach into the frame.** A piece of tripe suddenly slides of its own accord up onto his hand. Reverse on Char's face. An expression of astonished horror.

**Reverse on his legs and arms as bits of organ meats are now climbing up his arms and legs.**

**A shot of Char full figure.** A huge length of intestine is looping around his body like a python. He starts to scream, but the sound is weak. His air is already being cut off.

**Close up of his face as a piece of liver leaps up to cover it.**

**A final shot showing him completely covered and convulsing and then cut to:**

The Library. Johnson and Petty are questioning witnesses. Petty is near the edge of the frame and is taking notes from a girl who has been crying. Paramedics are vary carefully transferring the

librarian onto a wheeled stretcher and then move her off frame. In the foreground, Johnson is questioning another girl. Her name is Stephanie.

**Johnson**

So what did this “horrible looking guy” Look like? What made him so horrible?

**Stephanie**

Oh God! He was all deformed and he was covered in stitches! His arms and legs were too short and he smelled awful, like death. He looked like he was blind, but he seemed to get around o.k.

**Johnson**

Did he say anything?

**Stephanie**

No. He didn’t talk, but the guy who was over there did all the talking. He knew him.

**Johnson**

Who was he?

**Stephanie**

Howard Berg. He’s an Eastern European History

major. Something like that. He's in one of my classes, but I don't really know him. He was acting real crazy, ya know, like his voice sounded funny and he would laugh for no reason and stuff.

**Johnson** (writing)

Howard Berg.

Johnson's radio squawks.

**Radio Voice**

Code 203 187 220 College precinct station. Urgent!

**Johnson**

What the hell?

**Cut to:** Nick and Sparmy from behind. They are walking up to the donut shop. They are both disheveled and sweaty. We can see that Ronny has returned and is drinking coffee at the counter. The Guy and the Girl are gone.

**Cut to the interior of the donut shop as Nick and Sparmy enter.**

Ronny looks up and sees them. He jumps off the stool.

**Ronny**

Jesus! Where have you guys been? Do you know that the cops have been looking for you?

**Nick**

We didn't stop running for a while after we got out of the house. Mister Meat was heading straight for us!

**Ronny**

Yeah. I guess you must have been pretty spooked. I know I was! Char's in jail!

**Sparmy**

Shit! I wonder what he told them. He wasn't in real good shape last I saw him.

**Ronny**

Probably not much. Mister Meat has been keeping them busy. They had to split because of the thing at the library.

**Sparmy**

The library?

**Ronny**

A couple of girls that were there passed through here just before you guys showed up. Mister Meat was at the library, broke the neck of the night librarian. They're worried she might be paralyzed.

**Nick**

Holy shit!

**Sparmy**

Oh my God. This Is totally out of fuckin' control!

**Ronny**

That's not the weird part, though.

**Sparmy**

This gets weirder?

**Ronny**

She said Howie Berg was there and he could talk to it and it did whatever he said!

**Sparmy**

Berg!?! Howie Berg? Isn't he the guy who ratted me

out that time? What does he have to do with this?

**Ronny**

The girls said that Berg treated Mister Meat like he was his pet or something. His attack dog, ya know?

**Sparmy**

This isn't good.

**Nick**

Do you think Berg is the one who carved up his face?

**Sparmy**

What?

**Nick**

Didn't you see? He had those symbols on his head…like off a heavy metal record.

**Sparmy**

Sorry, man. I had other things on my mind, like getting the hell out of there. All I know about his face is that he's butt-ass ugly.

The counterman comes by to refill Ronny's coffee when he looks up in surprise. The three frat

brothers follow his gaze. Cut to shot through the glass front of the donut shop. Mister Meat is approaching. The creature isn't in a hurry, it merely crosses the parking lot at a steady walking pace. Torn flesh is dangling from under it's, now bloody, t-shirt. Its pants and shirt have been cut up and there are bullet holes in the shirt. Sparmy whips around to speak to Nate, the counterman. Nate has a glassy-eyed, distracted look. The sight of Mister Meat has left him rather shocked.

**Sparmy**

Does this place have a back door?

**Counter man** (in a far away voice)

Sure, I was actually heading there. I'll show you.

**Cut to a shot of the back of the donut shop**. A door opening onto an almost empty parking lot lit by halogen lamps. Bright light contrasts with deep shadows. There is a dumpster by the door. Suddenly the back door flies open with a crash and

the three frat boys run out and head up the road as fast as they can. The dazed counterman is behind, but he is only walking. We hear the muffled sound of breaking glass come from inside the shop.

**Cut to a shot of the counterman slowly walking away from the back door.** High depth of field both Nate and the back door are in sharp focus. Mister Meat emerges from the back door and is walking up

behind Nate.

**Cut to:** shot from the front of Nick, Sparmy and Ronny running along the roadside. They are conversing breathlessly.

**Nick**

It's following us!

**Sparmy**

We need to go see Berg!

Ronny, do you think you can find the cops?

**Ronny**

I'll try.

Ronnie dashes off across a field. The other two continue up the road.

**Cut to:** Howie's dorm room. A slow pan across the book shelves same angle as the opening shot. This time they are lit by flickering candle light. Many of the books have been removed leaving spaces. **Pan around to Howie at his desk.** There is a pile of books on it, all open. There are candles on shelves and surfaces everywhere, At least six or seven candles total. Howie is muttering.

**Howie**

Rabbi Lowe says four elements, but Rabbi Jaffe says six angels.

He rapidly pages through a book and then points to a section. Cut to a shot over his shoulder. The book is in Arabic and has many peculiar diagrams. One of the illustrations shows a flask over a flame. In the flask is a bird with spread wings with a flame on its breast.

**Howie**

Al-Hazared predicts malign forces will interfere if the animation is performed on a day holy to God, but Dee insists that soil from the four corners of

the world will counteract it.

*He slams shut the book.*

**Howie**

Damn! Not enough time. I'll have to do it with the Shamir. Paracelsus says that a rectifying tincture will be required!

Howie whips open a drawer and starts pulling out a number of mason jars that various and sundry odd looking substances in them.

**Howie**

Rectifying tincture… rectifying tincture…Aha!

He holds up in triumph a jar with a small amount of yellow fluid in it. He then places it on the desk next to a small wooden box in which the tiny white stone sits.

**Howie**

Libavius says the tincture must have a quicksilver sublimate, But Morgenstern holds with a filtrate.

*He taps on the desk for a few seconds while staring into space, then snaps his fingers.*

**Howie**

I'll have to look it up in Grünwald.

He goes over to the shelf and pulls down yet

another book. There is a title on the spine. ***"Grűnwald's Comparative Index of Alchemical Formulae".*** Howie frantically flips pages. He stops suddenly. He quotes what he is reading.

**Howie**

…of course Morgenstern (1677) successfully

utilized a precipitate in order to… Precipitate!

But his own notes say filtrate! Useless! This book

is totally useless!

*Howie slams the book down on the desk*.

**Howie**

Fuck it!

Howie picks up the jar with the fluid and unscrews the cap. He picks up the small stone from the box and drops it in the jar and holds it up at eye level. Close up on Howie’s face seen through the jar as he holds it up. His other hand enters the frame from below. He is holding a BIC disposable lighter in a metal sheath with a marijuana leaf decal on it with the words “Party On!” printed in a banner beneath it. It is the same lighter Marvin was seen using in the opening. He flicks the lighter and rotates the flame beneath the jar evenly warming the fluid with the white stone in it. The liquid starts to bubble slightly. There is the tiniest wisp of purple gas from the surface of

the liquid and the stone turns from white to black. Howie grins. Apparently this is the reaction he was hoping for.

**Cut to:** overhead. Howie places the jar back on the desk and removes the stone from the jar with a small pair of tongs and places it back in the box. There is a loud and insistent rapping on the door.

**Howie**

Shit.

He walks over to the door and starts to open it.

**Howie**

Marvin, I thought you were going to be out all ni…

He is cut off as the door is pushed open and Howie staggers backward as Nick and Sparmy force their way into the room.

**Nick**

It’s not Marvin.

**Sparmy**

Howie, we gotta talk.

Howie is caught off guard, but does his best to compose himself. He straightens up and gives a little wave from shoulder level.

**Howie**

Hi. Um…What’s up guys?

**Sparmy**

What’s up?!? We’ve heard some rumors, Howie. We heard you were best friends with a pile of meat!

**Howie** (stammering)

I Don’t know what you’re talking about…pile of meat, you say? That’s weird….pile of….

Nick steps forward and slaps Howie hard across the face leaving a red hand print on his cheek. His glasses and yarmulke fly off and he staggers backward.

**Sparmy**

Would you like to try again, Howie?

Howie is crouching by the wall. He has the look of a whipped dog. Slowly he rises to his feet.

**Howie**

You should never have made that thing. It is a mockery of God’s creation!

**Sparmy**

And bringing it to life isn’t? Mister meat didn’t walk around when we knew him. How do you suppose that happened, anyway?

**Howie**

You needed to be taught a lesson, so I made that horrible thing into an angelic vessel, a golem.

**Nick**

That slimy thing in Lord of the Rings?

**Howie** (agitated)

No! He is the soldier of righteousness! He comes to

set right that which has been made wrong! He is…

Nick slaps him again and he staggers back again.

**Sparmy**

I gotta hand it to you, Howie, I've been out-pranked.

**Nick**

Wait a minute. What the heck is he talking about?

Howie has gone to sit at his desk. He is sulking.

**Sparmy**

We talked about this story in European lit. Some rabbi in Warsaw or Moscow or someplace like that…

**Howie** (quietly)

Prague

**Sparmy**

Yeah, Prague. Anyway this Rabbi. Rabbi Lowe…

(he pronounces it LOW)

**Howie**

Loo-veh.

**Sparmy**

Wazzat?

**Howie**

It’s pronounced Loo-veh. I just hate it when people get these things wrong.

Sparmy walks over to the desk and towers over Howie.

**Sparmy**

Maybe you want to tell it, smartass.

Close up on Howie. He momentarily looks as if he is considering defiance, but the his face sags into a mask of defeat.

**Howie**

In 16th century Prague, the Jews had to endure much oppression. The gentiles had been repeatedly making an accusation that Jews were using the blood of Christian children to make matzoh. The Jews call it

the Blood Libel.

**Dissolve to a view of a street in the Jewish ghetto in 16th century Prague.** A man sneaks out of an ally with a cloth wrapped bundle. Cut to: Interior of a house, a kitchen pantry. It is dark, lit only by moonlight. The man enters very quietly and places the bundle in the pantry.

**V.O. Howie**

The thing about the Blood Libel was that it was completely ridiculous. Jews never consume blood, but anyone who reported a Jew for it would get half his property as a reward. A Christian who killed a child and planted the body in the house of a Jew got rich quick.

**Cut to: Same kitchen daytime**. The man in the previous scene is now showing city guards the wrapped corpse of a child while a horrified Jewish couple looks on. The guards turn to them and lead them away while the man looks on in mock indignation. **Fade out**.

**Fade in on the study of a very learned man.** The whole room is lined with books. There are also wrapped scrolls in special niches on the walls. One is rolled open on a desk and is covered with Hebrew calligraphy. A wise and benevolent looking Rabbi is reading the scroll with a large magnifying lens.

**V.O. Howie**

The wisest man in the city was Rabbi Judah Lowe and he had been called upon by leaders of the community to figure out a way to end the Blood Libel. Rabbi Lowe consulted the ancient wisdom of the Kaballah and the works of the alchemical masters and determined to make an agent of truth who would punish anyone who spread the lie about the Jews.

**Cut to Rabbi Lowe, now in shirt sleeves and an apron, fashioning a giant man about seven and a half feet tall from clay lying face up on the floor of an attic room.** He has two assistants who are dressed the same. On a nearby table are many jars with various chemicals and a retort with a flame

beneath it drips a mysterious fluid.

**V.O. Howie**

Rabbi Lowe knew that in the past, as far back as the ancient Babylonians, men had made golems to do work or make mischief or whatever thing was required of them. They could do anything a man could do, except possess the power of speech, and then some and they never have to eat or sleep.

The three men are marching in a circle around the clay man. Close up on the face of the clay man.

On his forehead the letters teme have been roughly gouged into the wet clay. The eyes open. They are

perfect shining globes of wet clay, dead and blind, but the golem is now alive.

**V.O.Howie**

They gave life to the golem by investing him with the power of an angel and the rabbi put the word "Emet", meaning truth, on his head in the ancient Enochian script, for he existed to be an agent of truth over the lie of the blood libel.

**Cut to: a Prague street at dusk.** An beautiful, angelic little girl, obviously wretchedly poor, is begging with a wooden bowl at the mouth of an alley next to an open sewer. She is perhaps six years old. A man stops in front of her. Cut to a close up

of his face. He smiles, but it is a smile that masks the worst of intentions. He crouches down to speak to her.

**Man** (speaking in Czech, subtitled in English)

My little angel, would you like a loaf of bread?

**Girl** (also speaking Czech, subtitled in English)

Oh yes, good sir, I would very much.

**Man**

Then follow me, little one.

With his hand atop her head, he leads her down the alley. From behind, we see that he draws a dagger

from a sheath at his belt.

**Cut to: In the gloom of the alley we see that the man is again crouching down before the little girl.**

**Man**

Dear one, I shall do better than just give you bread, I shall make a Jew’s bread of you!

The man shows her the knife. The girl’s eyes grow wide, but she is too frightened to scream. Suddenly we see a huge gray hand grasp the man’s shoulder and turn him around. In a second, he is being held up by both shoulders. He is face to face with the huge, expressionless golem. The child runs from the alley screaming as the golem crushes the man to

death and disappears into the shadows.

**Cut to: The rabbi’s attic.** Rabbi Lowe stands on a chair before the golem he reach out to the creature’s forehead.

**Close up of the golem’s face.** A hand reaches out and passes over his eyes closing them and then rubs out the e from teme leaving three furrows where the letter once was. The creature now stands like a statue.

**V.O. Howie**

When the golem’s work was done, the rabbi rubbed out the first letter of EMET making it MET which means dead and the golem would be lifeless clay

once more.

But golems don’t have to be made of clay. They can be stone or wood or straw…or meat!

**Back in the dorm room  close on Sparmy.**

**Sparmy**

So can we stop Mister Meat by just cutting that word off his face?

Howie now wears a wry smile. He snorts.

**Howie**

Not that easy, schmuck. I didn’t just scratch that word on his head, I inscribed it with a shamir

stone.

**Nick**

What’s that?

**Howie**

It is the most inviolate of materials, harder than anything. A thousand times harder than diamonds and that which it cuts can never be closed save by making a reversing stone from it. Only an alchemist can do it and a good one, at that.

**Sparmy**

You crazy dickwad! That thing will go on killing

forever!

**Howie**

It will kill only those who dishonor God.

**Nick**

I bet that’s a lot of people.

Howie grins widely.

**Howie**

I bet you’re right.

Nick moves to punch him, but Sparmy holds him back.

**Sparmy**

Look, Howie, this isn’t funny. People have been

hurt, someone might be killed.

**Howie**

Someone already has been. He got Char and the stupid cop who was trying to protect him.

**Sparmy**

You psychotic little prick!

Sparmy advances on Howie. Suddenly the door of the door of the room is shattered by a fist pounding through it.

**Cut to shot of Nick and Sparmy both turning at the same moment.** Shot swells their image in the frame.

**Nick**

Shit!

**Sparmy**

Shit!

**Reverse on the door which has now been ripped from its frame by Mister Meat.** It steps quickly toward them. Nick grabs Marvin’s bed and pulls it between them and Mister Meat. Mister Meat grabs it and tosses it at them. Nick and Sparmy dive out of the way, Howie dives too but doesn’t quite make it. The mattress falls to the floor and the bed frame hits Howie and smashes him against a window.

**Cut to a view just out side the window.** Howie comes smashing out in a shower of wood and glass.

**Quick shot from above shows him plummeting two stories toward the sidewalk.**

**A shot from sidewalk level shows him as he impacts.** There is a sound of bones breaking. Blood squirts

out of his mouth. His eyes roll up in his head and he loses consciousness.

**Cut back to Howie’s room.**

Mister meat suddenly has started flailing his arms around and is no longer specifically trying to get near Nick and Sparmy. He upends Howie’s desk sending books and chemical containers flying everywhere.

**Close up:** The jar full of yellow fluid smashes against a wall and a stain drips down from it.

**Close on the box containing the Shamir stone as it is flying through the air.** The box hits another wall and the stone pops out and rolls into a corner. It glows seeming to shed a black light casting shadows with its radiance.

Mister Meat stumbles out of the room and out of shot. As soon as he is out of shot, we hear a woman’s scream from the corridor and various exclamations. Cut to a shot of the ruined door from the viewpoint of a few doors down the corridor. The heads of Nick and Sparmy peek out past the doorframe. Reverse view. Mister Meat is walking slowly down the corridor. He seems somehow off balance. Students are either stopping to stare or trying as hard as possible to get away from him. Mister Meat occasionally flails his arms. At one point he strikes a male student knocking him straight through a door. A female student attempting to get past him catches the edge of her

nightgown on one of his arms. For an instant she is pulled face to face with him.

**A quick close up showing her face an inch from his.**

She pushes free but her nightgown is still tangled around his hand and she can’t get away. She finally pulls it off abandoning it to Mister Meat as she runs off completely nude save for a pair of bunny slippers.

**Cut to a shot of the front of the dormitory.**

Students are piling out of the front door. On the sidewalk in the foreground lies the broken body of Howie. The last of the students flees and is followed out the front door by a still reeling Mister Meat. He stops when he gets close to Howie. Cut to close up of Howie’s face the side of it in

contact with the sidewalk is bloodied and swollen. The eye on that side has swollen like a large plum. The other eye pops open. Cut back to Mister Meat. He stops suddenly and stands straighter and steadier. Howie attempts to croak out a few words.

**Howie**

I am here. You must finish.

**Close up on the face of Mister Meat with the doorway of the dorm building in the background. High depth of field so that the face and the doorway are both in perfect focus.** Nick and Sparmy run up to the door from inside and stop when they see Mister Meat.

Slowly, Mister Meat turns away from the camera and toward Nick and Sparmy. Both Nick and Sparmy look terrified as Mister Meat starts to walk toward them.

**Close up on Howie**

**Howie**

You must finish.

Suddenly Mister meat leaps forward and seizes Nick. Close up on Sparmy’s face he is looking on in horror.

**Sparmy**

Nick!

Cut to a close up of Nick and Mister Meat. Mister Meat is lifting Nick with a hand around his neck so that his face is level with his. This shot echoes the one of the original golem with the murderer in Prague. Of course, Mister Meat is considerably shorter than the original golem so we assume that nick had fallen to his knees. We hear a horrible tearing sound accompanied by a strangled scream from Nick.

**Cut to close up of Sparmy.** He looks like he is going to be sick.

**Cut to a shot of the sidewalk.** A roughly torn off arm drops to the ground followed by a dribble of blood. There is more screaming heard from off camera that suddenly ends. A head drops into the

frame also but farther away and out of focus.

**Cut to a shot of the dormitory wall.** Nick’s dismembered body slams against it and slides down leaving a bloody smear. Three seconds tops for the previous three shots combined.

**Cut to a close up of Sparmy.**

**Sparmy**

Holy shit! Holy fucking shit!

He turns and runs back into the dorm building.

**Cut to a shot from behind as he runs up the stairs.** Hold the shot for 1…2…3… seconds. Mister Meat enters the frame and follows Sparmy at an even

walk.

**Cut to Sparmy running down the corridor.** He runs around the corner out of sight. Hold the shot for 1…2…3… seconds Mister Meat enters the frame following Sparmy at an even walk. Shot from just inside Howie’s room. Sparmy appears at the door. He hesitates for a few beats breathing hard, holding onto the door frame. A quick look down the hall and he enters.

**Cut to a shot of Sparmy looking left and right.**

**Sparmy**

There must be something. There must be something I can use.

Sparmy freezes. There is a sound of approaching

foot steps. He looks left and right.

**Close up of a large brass candlestick lying on the floor with half of a broken candle in it.** A hand reaches into the frame and grabs it. Sparmy stands tense with the candle stick in his hand ready to do bloody damage. Just then Marvin comes through the door.

**Quick cut to a close up of Marvin as the candlestick whooshes over his head and he ducks. Cut to a shot of Marvin standing face to face with Sparmy still crouched from ducking.**

**Marvin**

What the fuck?!?! What the hell did you do to my room?

**Sparmy**

I’m Sorry! I’m sorry! I thought you were…

**Marvin**

You thought I was who?

Mister Meat chooses that instant to enter. He is behind Marvin.

**Sparmy** (pointing over Marvin’s shoulder)

Him!

Marvin turns around and sees Mister Meat.

**Marvin**

Jumpin’ Jesus!

**Sparmy**

Don’t get near him!

**Marvin**

Ya think?!?

Marvin and Sparmy jump for cover behind Howie’s broken desk. Mister Meat advances on both of them. Marvin stays crouched behind the desk, but Sparmy is trying to get past him. For a moment he and Mister Meat are in a dance of bobbing and weaving like boxers. Finally Sparmy tries a desperate move and dives between his legs. Cut to a shot at floor level of Sparmy sliding through Mister Meat’s legs. Cut to him rolling on the floor and then gaining his feet near the door. There are books everywhere,

some of the volumes are huge, real doorstops. Sparmy reaches for one of the ponderous volumes of *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament by R.H.Charles*. It weighs a good twenty pounds. A shot of him flinging the volume directly at the camera.

**Cut to reverse on Mister Meat who is just in the process of turning when the book hits him in the upper chest**. He topples through the broken out window. **Cut to shot from above of Mister meat falling from the window.** He lands about six feet from Howie and his body explodes into several pieces. The head rolls free and an arm flies off. A foot breaks off at the ankle.

**Close up of the head rolling to a stop face to**

**face with Howie.**

**Up shot from sidewalk level of the broken window.** Both Sparmy and Marvin are looking down with satisfied expressions.

**Cut to the head of Mister Meat face to Face with Howie.** The inscription on the forehead suddenly glows pinkish blue. Shot of the scene from above. The major portion of Mister Meat’s body moves. Shot from ground level the body sits up and the remaining arm starts to feel around.

**Cut to up shot of the window.** Both Sparmy’s and Marvin’s expressions have switched to panic. They pull their heads in like frightened turtles. Cut back to Mister Meat as his hand lands on his

missing foot. He brings it over and touches it to the ragged ankle an ankle bracelet of blue light momentarily forms after which the foot is joined to the leg once more. This time there are no stitches. **Cut back to Howie's room.** Marvin and Sparmy are staring at one another. Marvin is talking very fast.

**Marvin**

What's up with that monster? What is it? Where did it come from?

**Sparmy**

Who the hell are you anyway?

**Marvin**

I'm Marvin. This is my room!

**Sparmy**

You drew Berg as a room mate?

Marvin holds up his hands.

**Marvin**

Don’t get off the subject! Whatthefuck is that thing?

**Sparmy**

We only made it for a gag, but Berg brought it to life.

**Marvin**

A gag!?! That’s really freakin’ hilarious! So I guess the big question then is which one of you two lunatics is more fucked in the head?

**Sparmy**

Look, right now I don’t have time to be put on trial. I have to stop that thing and I’m not feeling patient. You can help or you can get out of the way.

*Marvin pauses to look thoughtful, strokes his chin for a second while considering his options. Then he looks up and meets Sparmy’s expectant gaze.*

**Marvin**

Bye!

He turns and dashes out of the room to be seen never again.

**Sparmy**

Crap!

**Cut back to Mister Meat probing around for his lost body parts.** His hand comes across the arm he tore off of Nick identified by its distinctive tattoo. The headless Mister Meat touches the arm to his shoulder and it joins with a band of blue light. It is longer than his other arm and now Mister Meat’s proportions are even stranger. Cut to a shot of the Mister Meat head lying next to Howie’s head Mister Meat’s hands enter the shot and pick up the head. Hold on Howie as the head is lifted out of shot. There is a flash of blue light from out of frame, then the side of Howie’s face that can move smiles.

Cut to Howie’s room. Sparmy is digging frantically for something, anything that Howie might have left around that might be effective against Mister Meat. Close up of the Shamir stone lying on the carpet near the baseboard. Sparmy accidentally kicks it and it cuts a huge gouge into the base board.

**Close up of Sparmy’s face registering bemusement.** He picks up the stone.

**Close up as he brings the stone close to his face**. He smiles slightly.

**Cut to: Sparmy is on his knees next to the gouged section of baseboard.** He draws the stone along the gouge and it closes like a zipper. It is as if there had never been any damage.

**Cut to: a scrap of paper lying on the carpet near**

**the desk.**

**Close up on the paper:** It is a note we don’t have a chance to read all of it but the first words are “Reversal of the shamir”.

**Shot of Sparmy:** He picks up the note and reads.

**Pan shot, Sparmy’s point of view**: The note to the shamir stone in his hand to the splattered yellow fluid against the wall.

**Close up: Sparmy sets his jaw in determination.**

**Close up of Sparmy’s hands undoing his belt.**

**Cut to Sparmy dashing into corridor.**

**Cut to sparmy spots first-aid kit on the wall above a fire extinguisher.**

**Cut to Sparmy’s hand wrenching it open and grabbing**

**a roll of first-aid tape.**

**Cut to Mister Meat, now fully assembled with Nick's arm and the rest of its own parts, heading for the door of the dorm.** A voice comes from off frame. It is Sparmy.

**Sparmy**

Hey gristlebag!

**Cut to Sparmy stepping off of a fire escape ladder. He takes a step forward.**

**Sparmy**

I'm the guy you're looking for, right?

**Cut to close up of Howie again.**

**Howie**

Make him pay!

Mister Meat changes his stance and starts striding

toward Sparmy who isn’t moving.

**Cut back and forth between them as he closes the space.**

**Close up on Mister Meat’s face.** The eyes in his sockets now have a brownish cast and the corneas are no longer transparent. They still point in different directions.

**Cut to Sparmy.** Suddenly he takes a step forward and pulls his rolled up belt out of a pocket. He unrolls it and cracks it like a whip in the direction of Mister Meat. The first time he cracks it, it doesn’t come near the target.

**Cut to Howie, still lying on the ground unable to move, but he is positioned so that he can see**

**what’s going on.** He is perplexed.

**Howie**

You are such a fool, Parmenter! A whip against an angelic vessel? Absurd!

Sparmy cracks the belt again, this time it comes much closer to Mister Meat.

**Sparmy**

We’ll see.

He cracks it again and this time it strikes Mister Meat’s leg. Mister Meat stops cold as his leg separates mid calf and falls on the ground leaving him standing there on one foot.

**Cut to Howie again.** He is amazed. Cut back to a shot of Sparmy’s hand holding the belt, Something

is taped to the buckle with a wad of first-aid tape, something that glitters darkly.

**Howie**

Putting out a volcano with a hose…

Cut back to Sparmy again. We see him flick the belt directly at the camera. The buckle approaches in slow motion showing the Shamir stone tightly taped to the buckle. Cut to a close up of Mister Meat's face as the belt buckle crosses his face and the stone cuts a line through the first e. A blue light is emblazoned along the cut and it spreads up the lines of the symbol zipping the edges of it closed as it goes. Now there are only the three symbols left, tem , MET, the word for dead. Full

body shot of Mister Meat. He stands still on one leg. Nick’s arm drops off, followed by his other hand and then the rest of the arm. The head just drops off of his shoulders and the body completely collapses. Suddenly, the meat is crawling with maggots. Mister Meat is no more. Cut to Sparmy leaning against the fire escape ladder. His terror has finally caught up with him. He slides down to sit on the ground and puts his head in his hands.

**Cut to Howie.** His one good eye stares straight ahead.

**Cut to a long shot of the road leading up to the dorm.** Three police cars with lights flashing and sirens wailing are heading to the scene.

**Fade out.**

Caption white on black.

**Caption**

One month later

**Fade in on a clean, white room sparsely furnished.**

Howie sits in a wheel chair. He is dressed in white. Even his tiny yarmulke is pure white. His hands sit limply in his lap and his head is held up with a metal brace. A ventilator is attached to his throat, apparently he can’t even breath on his own. Sitting directly across from him in a straight backed chair is Rabbi Gelman. The rabbi looks at Howie sadly.

**Rabbi Gelman**

So you see, Howard? So you see what your life has come to? The only reason that you are here and not in prison is because no one believed the story that you told. Even the young man that saw it all said you were crazy. What have you accomplished, I ask you? Gevalt! What I would have given not to have had to tell your father about this!

**Howie**

Is he going to come see me?

The rabbi throws up his hands.

**Rabbi Gelman**

He disowns you, Howard. He won’t come to see you.

*The rabbi gestures around the room.*

All of this is paid for the rest of your life

however long that may be, but your family never

wants to see you again.

Was it worth it, Howard?

**Howie** (quietly)

Yes.

**Rabbi Gelman** (outraged)

It was?

**Howie**

I was a protector of righteousness!

The rabbi has heard enough. He gets up and heads

toward the door and knocks on it.

**Howie**

I was a defender of truth!

*A voice comes from the other side of the door.*

**Voice**

Yes sir?

**Rabbi Gelman**

I would like to go now.

The door opens and there stands a white uniformed hospital orderly. The rabbi looks back into the room one more time.

**Howie**

I was an agent of God!

Cut to out side in the hallway as the orderly locks the door behind them. From behind the door we

still hear Howie’s muffled voice.

**Howie** (muffled)

I wielded the sword of the seraphim!

**Orderly**

His is such an unfortunate case.

**Rabbi Gelman**

Yes, it is. You know I have been rabbi to his family since before he was born. He is like a son to me, but his mind has gone so badly.

**Orderly**

Did he really kill those people, kill them that way?

**Rabbi Gelman**

Tragically, yes he did, but the state says he is

mentally unbalanced so only God can judge him now.

**Fade out.**